SEP 8 1938

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

The Week-end Review

Vol. XVI. No. 391 (New Series) SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1938 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 269
THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES 271
THE WAR IN SPAIN. By Louis Fischer . . . 272
AN IRISH DIARY 274
THIS ENGLAND 275
HUNGARY AND EUROPE. By W. Horsfall Carter . 275
BRACES. By Y. Y. 276
SCIENCE AND MEDICINE. By J. D. Bernal . . 277
CORRESPONDENCE 279
From Solicitor; Hugh Barnes; C. E. Carroll; Roger North; Kate Y. A. Bone; Lord Alfred Douglas; Dame Edith Lyttleton; Lucien Pissarro; Constable and Co., Ltd.; Barbara Mackenzie.
MUSICAL VALUES. By W. J. Turner . . . 281
THE ABBEY FESTIVAL. By Sean O'Faolain . . 281
UNPLUMED WARRIORS. By Anthony West . Page 282
PLAYS AND PICTURES 283
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Raymond Mortimer. . 285
REVIEWS:
The Literary Forger. By G. W. Stonier . . 286
Woodrow Wilson Continued. By Harold J. Laski 286
A Great Artist. By Raymond Mortimer . . 287
The Red Army. By Paul Winterton . . . 288
A Saunterer. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor . . 289
New Novels. By John Mair 290
The Fight to Live. By E. G. Boulenger . . 292
SHORTER NOTICES 293
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 294
CROSSWORD 296
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives . . . 298

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

NEGOTIATIONS between the Hodza Cabinet and the Sudeten Germans have not been broken off; but that is the best that can be said of the position in Prague. At Wednesday's conference Herr Kundt, the Sudeten Party Chairman, appears to have stood put on the eight points of the Henlein programme, and to have declared that between these and the Government's proposals the gulf is "unbridgeable." He rejects outright the principle that Minorities should exercise in the Czechoslovak State an influence proportional to their numbers; he demands "equality of the national groups" which means the "transformation of the Czech National State into a State of nationalities." This is an extremely difficult proposition for the Czechs; in this form it sounds like an impossible demand that democratic Czechoslovakia should contain a Nazi State within itself and be in imminent danger of losing both its democracy and its independence. But Herr Kundt seems to agree to give further consideration to the problem of self-administration in Minority areas and negotiations are to continue. We need not take much notice of his remarks about the absence of goodwill on the part of the Czech Government; they are part of the German technique of negotiation. The best hope may now be for the Czechs to make a new effort to start again on a different basis.

German Nationalism

Nationalism is the most difficult thing in the world to deal with; it is not amenable, as Britain has learned both with the Indians and the Irish, to anything except the broadest and most imaginative treatment. The Czechs are hampered by their fear of Hitler's intentions. They know that a State within a State is not possible; the central government must maintain its own foreign policy, its own army and police, and the German minority, however organised, must as a body pledge its allegiance to the State. But the negotiations are based on the assumption that an accommodation inside the Czech State is possible, and the wisest thing the Czechs could now do would be to restate in the most magnanimous terms their desire to accept the Sudeten Germans into a partnership, based on the recognition of those "spiritual" factors which play so large a part in German nationalism. Moreover, a large part of the feeling in the Sudeten areas comes from economic causes, and the Czechs could wisely make far wider economic provision for the removal of German unemployment. For this purpose they might even receive financial help from outside. The Czechs can reply that they have already offered very wide concessions and that new concessions will not help. But the point is not one of new concessions but of a new approach designed to convince the Sudeten Germans, if not Hitler, that they can find freedom and prosperity inside Czechoslovakia.

The Fronts in Spain

General Franco's boast that he had lured to destruction the Republican forces thrown across the Ebro begins to look more than a trifle ludicrous. Despite strongly pressed and costly counter-attacks he has so far failed to dislodge the Government divisions dug in round Gandesa ; and, with this threat to the insurgent flank unrelieved, the advance on Castellon remains halted. Only in Estremadura can the rebels claim further progress, though difficult country still separates them from the coveted Almaden mercury mines. The minor re-shuffle in the Negrin Cabinet appears to have strengthened the position of the Ministry. The Minister of Labour who resigned was not prepared for the extension of Government control and the full measure of centralisation which the Premier wanted over war industries in Catalonia. The other Minister who resigned had the reputation of being too legalistic in his attitude towards " Fifth Column " activities. The reconstituted Cabinet has received intimations of support from all parties, including the Basque and Catalan Socialists.

More Commissions

Meanwhile, Toulouse is to become the headquarters of additional British Commissions designed to humanise the civil war. The Commission of Inquiry into the bombing of open towns is being joined by a Commission, under the chairmanship of Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, whose task it will be to facilitate, if possible, the exchange of prisoners between the two sides. Eventually, the Commission charged with the investigation of aerial attacks on British ships will also be located at Toulouse ; but the launching of this Commission has been attended with a serious hitch. On July 28th, a Foreign Office spokesman outlined to the Committee of British Shipowners Trading to Spain the proposed scheme of investigation. The impression they derived was that any inquiry would be held in rebel territory, that British shipowners would be excluded, that evidence from witnesses in Government territory (where, of course, the attacks occur) would be inadvisable, and that—contrary to the Prime Minister's statements in Parliament—General Franco had given no promise to pay compensation. Against this " outline " the shipowners strongly protested, first in two memoranda sent to the Foreign Office, finally—when no reply was received—in a statement to the press. The official explanation is that the proposals were " only tentative." Presumably consideration will now be given to the shipowners' counter-proposals for public inquiries in neutral territory ; but it still remains uncertain whether Franco has or has not promised compensation, and the mystery also remains how such a flagrantly unjust scheme could be even " tentatively " put forward.

The War in China

Shanghai is now returning to normal after three days of anxiety and tension last week-end. All the foreign police and the Volunteers as well as the garrison forces were mobilised to cope with the activities that were feared from terrorists in the International Settlement, and thanks to these precautions there was little serious trouble, but there were brushes with parties of Japanese military who invaded the British, American and Italian areas. Another " incident " which has been settled was the seizure by Japanese soldiers of the British tug, Victoria, in the Yangtse River. After an investigation and protest by the commander of the gunboat Scarab, the Victoria has been freed and the British flag, which had been replaced by the Japanese, hoisted again. In the war with China, there have been more raids by Japanese bombers on Hankow and other cities on the opposite bank of the river, as well as on Canton. Heavy casualties and damage are reported, as usual—but no military advantage to Japan, so far as can be seen—from this butcher's work. In their advance up the Yangtse the Japanese are still checked by strong Chinese resistance as well as by floods on the north bank. And they have also to contend with cholera and malaria which are raging among their armies. It is estimated that no less than 20,000 of the Japanese troops in China are down with these two diseases.

Roosevelt and the Solid South

On the eventual results of the five weeks' platform campaign which President Roosevelt has just concluded in the Southern States will depend to a large extent the complexion of the practically certain Democratic majority in the new Congress. The President's endeavours have been directed towards ensuring that the primary elections now in progress will yield, as the official party candidates for the November elections, men more or less in sympathy with the principles of the New Deal. He has not tried to bring about anything like a party purge. Though nine of the Senators who contributed to defeat the Supreme Court Bill are seeking re-election in the South, he intervened openly against only two of the rebels. In the main, the President relied on appeals that the South, in its own interests, should support progressive legislation designed to raise the standards of the American consumer. It is difficult as yet to judge how far he succeeded in reversing the unmistakable trend towards conservatism in the Southern States. To the average Southern Democrat the stabilisation of cotton and corn prices makes an obvious appeal, but the Administration's supposed benevolence towards the efforts of organised labour to improve wages and working conditions is looked at askance. Does not labour organisation involve the obnoxious possibility of the unionisation of coloured labour?

Britain's Foreign Trade

The July returns of Britain's overseas trade pose an awkward problem. The marked shrinkage in the value, and still more in the volume, of exports, reveals clearly the sector of the British industrial front in which unemployment has been increasing. Naturally enough, the opponents of " recovery by reflation "—i.e., public works and an expansion of central bank credit—have seized on this factor and proceeded to argue that Government policy must be directed primarily to fostering exports. But how? Unilateral devaluation of sterling is not practical politics ; export subsidies would invite retaliation ; and the path towards liberalisation of trade *à la* Van Zeeland is stony. Should we not, then, endeavour to offset our (probably permanent) losses in export trade by more intensive development of our own resources, notably in agriculture? Lord Beaverbrook would have the Government say " Yes " ; but there are influential

City voices which remind Mr. Chamberlain that the already precarious security of many millions of British capital invested abroad depends on our doing nothing to aggravate the situation in agricultural and pastoral countries overseas. In that dilemma, the Government's attitude is likely to be one of prolonged inaction.

The Public Health

The Annual Report of the Ministry of Health for 1937-38 (*Stationery Office*, 5*s*.) is an encouraging record of progress in many branches. But, as the Minister says in his prefatory statement, there is no ground for complacency. Nor do the figures of expenditure and the results achieved lend any support to those apostles of false economy who are looking for opportunities of cheeseparing in the social services. The maternal mortality rate, we are glad to note, fell to 3.11 per thousand births—the lowest yet recorded—and the infant mortality rate was 58, as against 59 in the previous year and 57 in 1935. Yet these figures are higher than they ought to be; "we cannot afford," as Mr. Elliot says, "to lose every year nearly 2,000 mothers and more than 35,000 children under the age of one." Nor in the environmental services has reform kept pace with needs. "We have not yet finished the cleaning of the slums; we have not abolished overcrowding, not even of the grosser kind; we have not yet provided adequate housing in the countryside." Considerable progress was made in the preparation of schemes under the Town and Country Planning Act; over 1,800,000 acres came under planning control during the year, bringing the total up to date to more than 24,000,000 acres, or nearly two-thirds of England and Wales. This is very well from a quantitative point of view; but unfortunately the quality of a good deal of this planning is far from satisfactory.

Mr. Noyes and the Vatican

The correspondence in the *Times* initiated by Lord Charnwood on the subject of Mr. Alfred Noyes's *Voltaire* has been more interesting than most of the discussions upon which newspapers fall back during the Silly Season. The Catholic Church is more indulgent than is sometimes supposed in the freedom of reading it allows to its adherents. But the authorities scrutinise very carefully for mistakes in doctrine any book written by a Catholic; and while Mr. Noyes's motives were indubitably edifying, his book, as far as we can discover, shows a temerarious admiration for toleration as a principle. While invariably demanding toleration for itself, the Catholic Church holds that heretical societies and individuals have no right to be tolerated, though in many cases to tolerate them may be highly expedient. This doctrine is evidently shocking to the liberal-minded, but liberalism itself is an arch-heresy. For many years there has been no country, we believe, in which the Church has actively persecuted heretics or unbelievers, but there seems a grave danger that it might do so if Franco became victorious in Spain. Indeed, there is evidence that this is already happening. Meanwhile, non-Catholics must pay tribute to the courage with which the Pope has denounced the anti-Semite teaching of the Italian Fascists. In the eyes of the Church, though opinions may be damnable, racial origin can never be an offence.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 *Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.*1.
POSTAGE on this issue is : Inland, 1*d.; Foreign,* 1½*d.; Canada,* 1*d.*

THE GERMAN MANOEUVRES

THOSE who are familiar with the ways of Nazi publicists will hardly be surprised to see the famous Dr. Silex, in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, once again presenting Germany as the apostle of peace in Europe. He may indeed be right in saying that a strong and stable nation in Central Europe is essential for peace. But it was certainly not essential that Germany should have chosen the method and moment she has for displaying her strength and stability. It is absurd to pretend, as Dr. Silex does, that the manoeuvres which have begun this week are nothing abnormal, that they are "usual and necessary in every army," and that "the world gets excited only when they take place in Germany." They have in fact been planned on a colossal scale and they are designed to last for a period of six weeks or more. Three-quarters of a million reservists are being called to the colours—though it is probable that they will actually be called up in batches. Conscripts who would normally have been discharged in September have had their service extended. Considerable bodies of civilians, including doctors and nurses, have been told off for special duties with the forces. Food, horses and motor transport have been requisitioned. All men under 65 are prohibited from leaving the country, and ex-army officers under that age must report for registration. Railway officials have had their leave cancelled, and many railway and even motor bus services have been curtailed. The manoeuvres to be executed are described as "small," which means that there is to be no large concentration of troops in any particular area, but it is likely that South Germany will be the main theatre of activity.

Nor is this all. There has been going on for some time an extraordinary process of fortification in the Rhineland and other frontier areas. There are at the present moment, according to the report of the *Times* Berlin correspondent, as many as 400,000 men engaged in this work, and their number is constantly increasing. Is it so remarkable in all the circumstances that this stupendous military demonstration, timed to coincide as it is with the attempt to find a solution of the Czechoslovakian problem, should set the world asking with some little anxiety what exactly it means? No one can give a sure answer to that question, except perhaps Herr Hitler—and probably not even he. It may be that the object is to affect the course of the negotiations in Prague, and to intimidate France and Great Britain. It may be a dress rehearsal for a tragedy for which no date is yet fixed. Or it may be a deliberate prelude to violent action before this summer is out, though there are good grounds for hope that it is not. It is believed that some of Hitler's advisers and lieutenants, who were in favour a few months ago of taking the risk of what they envisaged as a short sharp war, have now changed their minds; for the situation and the prospects have themselves changed since May 21st. From the Führer's own movements no conclusions can be drawn. He went to Juterbog on Monday for the opening day of the manoeuvres, and returned unexpectedly the same evening to Berlin, where he conferred with various Ministers and officers on one matter or another, including the forthcoming visit of Admiral Horthy, the Regent of Hungary.

So far as the world in general is concerned—which means particularly, from the German point of view,

France and Britain—there is no such excitement or "alarmism," as Dr. Silex deprecates. There is naturally suspicion and anxiety, as there must inevitably be when Nazi doings are in question, and there is vigilance. Public opinion in France has kept cool, and it is regarded as a reassuring sign that General Vuillemin, the Chief of the Air Staff, has gone on his trip to Germany, as arranged after the recent visit of the German General Milch to France. General Vuillemin will doubtless have plenty of opportunities for conversation with Göring and other high officers of the German Air Force; but the optimists who expect these meetings to lay the foundations of a Franco-German air pact are, we fancy, a little over-sanguine.

It is in Germany itself that these gigantic manoeuvres have made the greatest pother. To say that they are not hailed with general enthusiasm is to put it very mildly. There is a widespread disturbance of social and economic life. The repercussions on the Bourse, which has suffered a serious slump, are discussed on our City page. In many of the agricultural areas the commandeering of food and animals for the Army has inevitably caused dissatisfaction, while the draining away of labour, both urban and rural, has raised grave difficulties up and down the Reich. A number of factories have been badly handicapped in their output, or have even been forced to close down. There are fears, whether well or ill-grounded, that taxation which is already steep will be pushed higher still. Yet while the hungry sheep look up and are not fed, we do not expect them to turn on their shepherds. The German nation has been well drilled to bear privations and sacrifices; and there is little warrant for suggestions that present discontents are a serious threat to the regime. If they become too clamant, it will not be beyond the wit of the Government to find means of easing them a trifle. Or, in the last resort, there is the alternative of another foreign adventure by way of a distraction. But that is a desperate step, which if it is contemplated now, is contemplated for other reasons than that of "keeping the people quiet." There is no evidence that the mass of the German people has any desire for war, and if Hitler should decide for it, it will be not to save his skin but to satisfy his ambitions.

In Czechoslovakia, where if anywhere the German mobilisation was calculated to arouse the greatest nervousness, both the Government and the public have shown an admirable sang-froid. The Supreme Council of National Defence, at its meeting on Tuesday, decided against any counter-measures of mobilisation, and declared for what is called an attitude of "impassive preparedness." Nor has the Government been deflected from its negotiations with the Sudeten Germans; the Henleinist delegates have given M. Hodza an unfavourable reply to the Nationalities Statute proposals, but discussions are at any rate not formally terminated. Naturally the atmosphere in which further negotiations will be conducted in the coming weeks will not be brightened by the military exercises on the other side of the frontier, or by the campaign of malevolence that the Nazi press continues to wage against the Czechs. An increased danger of "incidents" has obviously to be reckoned with. But the Czechs rely still on the goodwill and firmness of their friends to uphold justice and to prevent an attack by Germany, whether based on some trumped-up excuse or otherwise. There will be small chance of war if France and Great Britain continue to keep their heads—and to keep them together. So far as the British Government is concerned, there ought to be no doubt in Berlin that while Britain is ready to help in any practicable adjustment, the warning against aggression given last May applies equally in August and September.

THE WAR IN SPAIN

Barcelona, August 14th, 1938

REPUBLICAN Spain is calm, strong, and conscious of the justice of its aims and of the injustice which the world is perpetrating against it.

Two recent battles compel the reassessment of the military outlook. In May, the rebels moved on Valencia. They were certain, and they announced, according to their time-dishonoured practice, that this would mean the end of the war. But they could not even reach Sagunto. Franco's artillery fire was the heaviest of the war. His aviation pounded the Government lines mercilessly. The Loyalists' chief weapons were rifles, machine guns, improved discipline, and better organisation. These won. Franco lost no fewer than 20,000 men in this vain attempt to break the Republican lines.

The offensive on the Ebro, which started on July 25th, was conceived and meticulously and secretly prepared for two months as a diversion to relieve the pressure on the Castellon-Sagunto front. But before it commenced, the insurgent advance in that area had been arrested. The Battle of the Ebro became a thing in itself, and its practical and moral values are considerable. First of all, it put aviation in its place. The Republican leader best informed on such matters tells me that the Italian Government has 500 aeroplanes in Spain, the German Government 300. The Spanish Government has less than half this number. The Ebro offensive was carried out with practically no aviation. The Loyalists have had a limited number of victories in the war: Guadalajara in March, 1937, turned an Italian attack into a rout because the Government used its air force to good advantage while the Italian tanks were bogged in the muddy terrain. During the first part of the Brunete offensive, in July, 1937, the Government was master of the air. It also benefited from the element of surprise, careful planning, and the accumulation of much war material. At Belchite, in September, 1937, the Rebels were outmanoeuvred, and the emerging Government army showed its perseverance in hand-to-hand combat and in storming difficult positions. The capture of Teruel in December, 1937, is explained by a combination of temporary superiority in the air, and surprise. Teruel was regained by Franco because he concentrated huge masses of cannon and planes. But a similar process in the Levant this spring failed to gain its objective, and the victory on the Ebro was achieved although the Republic is woefully outmatched in the air. Ever since the Government occupied the 300 square kilometres on the right bank of the Ebro, the whole area has been peppered with heavy bombs. The other day at the front I counted 103 rebel aeroplanes, mostly bombers, in 12 hours of daylight, and, incidentally, one machine took the trouble to descend to 300 metres over my automobile and drop four fifty kilogramme bombs within 100 metres of where I lay huddled in a gutter. One fell 20 metres from me. No harm done. Air bombings may demoralise bad soldiers, but they kill few people. They do relatively little damage even to property.

Between July 25th, when the offensive opened and August 1st when it reached its maximum extension, the Government forces had sixty-six dead and 4,965 wounded, half of them light cases. In the same period, Lieut.-Colonel Modesto, the commander of the Army of the Ebro, tells me, the Loyalists made 5,000 prisoners and the Rebels suffered an estimated 6,000 casualities. He said his men captured more ammunition than all of Catalonia had had, and the arms taken sufficed

to equip an entire new division. Modesto offered me Franco sherry and Franco ham, and his soldiers are still enjoying the fruits of the Rebel quartermasters' forays. The prisoners surrendered with little or no resistance, and in several cases prisoners helped Loyalist squads to corral more prisoners. If the Government had a few victories Franco might remain with only Moors and Italians.

The first Government units began crossing the Ebro at 2 a.m. on the morning of the 25th. The river is about 150 metres wide and flows rapidly. The troops went by rowboats or walked over pontoon and trestle bridges that are scarcely wider than a truck. One battalion, eager to support their fellows who had preceded them, swam across. The next day the Italo-German air force arrived. In the ensuing 24 hours it dropped 140 tons of bombs on the river and destroyed just one bridge. (There is a sham bridge which is not a bridge and they have wasted their missiles on that, too.) The real heroes of the advance are the bridge construction workingmen. Droves of planes have unloaded their explosives near the bridges. The big pebble beach on the left bank of the Ebro at Flix is no more beach; it consists altogether of wide and deep water-filled craters made by bombs falling wide of their mark. But the men go on working under this hail of flying dynamite. No sooner is a bridge destroyed than its re-erection is launched, and the transport of men and material from one bank to the other has been hampered but never seriously interfered with. I crossed towards Gandesa at midnight by the Benisanet bridge—as one approaches the driver must mind the holes—and returned to Barcelona by the Flix bridge during daylight. Four otherwise intelligent men preferred to chance a bombing than wait two hours until dark. To-day, the rebels are massing infantry opposite the Government lines and subjecting them to murderous artillery fire and bombings. Franco may attempt another Teruel. But seven hard-fought months have passed since then, and the Loyalist infantry has grown better. In a war, no development is impossible. Franco may recover the Ebro territory he lost three weeks ago. But only at terrific expense. In the Levant, the lines are hardly likely to sway to the Government's disadvantage.

More than ever, it is flesh against steel. Flesh motivated by profound faith and conviction, steel propelled by foreign mercenaries and wavering minds. The Loyalist army is better equipped than ever, and some aeroplanes have been imported. Franco's armaments, however, are far superior. He lacks men. The Moors are being decimated. On the Ebro, African boys of 15 and 16 fought in the "holy war" against the "Reds." If the Italians and Germans were withdrawn, and if the French staff stopped French Moors entering Mussolini's legions, the Rebel cause would suffer a severe setback. Hence Burgos's reluctance to accept even the leaky British Plan for the evacuation of foreigners from Spain. Independently of the repatriation scheme, only tiny remnants of the International Brigade will remain six months from now. Already it has no independent existence; it has been merged with Spanish Brigades. Franco, on the other hand, needs his fascist Hessians. Indeed he is calling for more.

The Government's military strength will reach its zenith in the summer of 1939. Franco can hardly win until then. The coming twelve months will not bring final decision on the field of battle, unless radical changes occur in the international situation and in the conditions and spirit behind the fronts. Two years of war are no joke, and a certain amount of war-weariness exists, especially in Catalonia which began to feel the war only six months ago. Perhaps war has not yet become a habit to the Catalans. It is unpleasant to be always hungry and always exposed to bombs. (Mercifully, there have been only six raids on Barcelona in the last fortnight.) Folks behave quietly during and after air attacks; in fact, the other day, a tropical rain made them run faster than when the raiding siren sounds. The strain, however, is considerable. Yet citizens hang on the radio every night to hear the day's military communique and if it reports a success the stomach gnaws a bit less. The food situation will grow worse this winter. Spaniards who are prepared to die and suffer think that anti-fascists abroad should at least be ready to part with a day's pay a month to feed the undernourished. Spain is the scapegoat for the world's inability to solve its problems. This is a preventive war, the war which has postponed and may continue to postpone a larger European conflict. The 700,000 men in the Loyalist army are, in effect, a British army fighting for British interests, and a French army, and the army of the League of Nations and the army of international pacifism. But the outside world starves the civilian population on which this army depends. Hunger makes politics.

Normal life, nevertheless, is stubborn. At the frontier station of La Jonquera, the Spanish customs official puts on white gloves before digging into my suitcase. The gloves are an innovation. Along the road to Barcelona, workers pruned the fat sycamore trees, and an old man who said he never ate enough cut the weeds that grew by the highway. In my hotel, the chief waiter wears a tuxedo and shows us a menu typewritten on a card embossed in gold although there is no choice of dishes. Despite the shortage of soap, the women are fragrantly clean and wear immaculate summer clothes even in the irritating food queues. People laugh and smile, and the cafes and promenades are choked with apparently leisurely and relaxed men and women. Fine shoes, clothes, jewellery and paintings can still be bought at moderate prices in Barcelona where the bread ration is only 150 grams per person per day. A package of pipe tobacco marked three pesetas 35 centimos sells for 600 pesetas, and a packet of American cigarettes opens all hearts. Hardships notwithstanding, the Spaniards are polite, considerate, easy-going. They nowise look or behave like a nation on its back. I have seen worse conditions in Soviet Russia during peace years. To be sure, races differ, but I think the Spaniards have much stamina and endurance. They were never spoiled by plenty.

The game of politics rolls merrily along. A few politicians are sceptical about an ultimate Loyalist victory. They, therefore, advocate an armistice, though when pressed they are not quite sure that Franco would grant one or that the Government army would accept it even if all the statesmen did, which is extremely doubtful.

The staunchest mediationists are to be found among the bourgeois Catalans. President Azana also has a scheme for a truce and a plebiscite. A plebiscite in Franco territory with fascist troops supervising it? It would be a unanimous "Ja." In May, the cabinet offered Indalecio Prieto, right-wing Socialist and former war minister, the ambassadorship to Mexico. Azana telephoned to Paris and persuaded him not to accept. Without Prieto, the Left Republicans would be isolated and reduced in influence. The Socialists are divided. Last week their national committee met, voted confidence in Prime Minister Negrin, and elected a new pro-Negrin executive, which includes representatives of all factions: Caballero, Negrin, Prieto, Besteiro, del Vayo, etc. Behind this semblance of unity is some reality. But the phenomenon which haunts the European proletarian movement—the mounting bitterness between Socialists and Communists—has not spared war-torn Spain. There are Socialists who accuse the Communists of wishing to monopolise jobs and propaganda. The Communists say that the Socialists work too little and complain too much. The truth is that the Communists' saving dynamism and discipline can have unpalatable by-products. The Socialists, as a midway group, are polarised between bourgeois Republicans and Communists. Those who dislike both sulk or dream of a bridge to the anarchists whom they formerly reviled. The anarchists are fighting better at the front and less in the rear. But some of the vocally most militant Socialists are defeatists and therefore forfeit popular support, for whatever past leaders may think, the mass, and above all the army, insist on a new, anti-fascist Spain which alone can guarantee Spanish independence. That is why to-day Negrin and del Vayo are the republic's natural spokesmen. They reject

compromise. They have faith. Azaña, who lacked the determination to prevent the war, lacks the power now to end it on his terms.

As to Franco's side the fact is that he has not won the war despite initial handicaps and subsequent unrestrained aid from abroad. Knowing the impatience of his subjects, he has promised them peace on numerous occasions, for their heart is not in the war. Many Spaniards in the other camp resent the foreign invasion and the Moors just as much as the Loyalists do. Falange newspapers attack the Catholics, and the polemic between the Pope and Mussolini on racialism is sure to exacerbate this antagonism. Falange leaders are frequently arrested. Their names have been published. Franco diplomats abroad suggest the restoration of the monarchy as a solution of the problems of the Republic. They forget how simply Alfonso was dismissed in 1931. Despite political differences among the Loyalists, unanimity exists on the general social and economic direction of the future regime. But in the rebel zone, the programmes vary from monarchy plus feudal agriculture to the totalitatian corporative state plus paganism and expansionist imperialism. Rebel Spain's dilemma is this: Franco's uprising was retrogressive and calculated to perpetuate the old, backward Spain which had become intolerable to the majority. Intervention injected new ideas of social change. But they have struck no root and their carriers are symbols of hated foreign domination. All Hitler's planes and all Mussolini's men cannot resolve this fundamental difficulty. Indeed, they necessarily aggravate it.

LOUIS FISCHER

AN IRISH DIARY

THERE were English cars on the few main roads, of course, and I caught sight of sporting English men and women on their way to and from the great hotels at Glengariff, Killarney and Parknasilla. But what nonsense the kind people talked who warned me that Eire would be crammed with tourists! For eight days we hardly spoke to a soul who had ever been out of Ireland. We walked and drove through some of the best scenery in Europe (I regard the Peloponnese as the only serious rival of Co. Kerry), and we had sunshine every day (outrageous luck, of course) and stayed in a small farm we came upon by accident, where the bedroom and sitting room were spotlessly clean—and quite quiet though a variety of dogs, a young turkey and sometimes a pony walked contentedly about the large room where the family lived when it was not haymaking. (Chickens and calves were excluded with a certain brusqueness). Each day I bathed in a river, which was a chain of deep clear pools, linked with rapids and little waterfalls: smooth rocks shelved down into the water from banks of heather and rowan trees. At night we sat round a peat fire and heard stories of the "troubles" and discussed the prospects of the Puck Fair at Killorglin, the difficulties of making farming pay in Co. Kerry and sang songs about the Easter rising and how the English got turned out of Ireland. Would you ask for a better holiday?

* * *

Every now and again something sensible happens in the world and you realise how utterly absurd most of our political troubles are. Last time I stayed in Ireland we were having an "economic war," and everyone was cursing England. When I got home important English statesmen assured me that the Irish would soon come to heel and turn out Mr. De Valera rather than let the cattle trade be destroyed, because "though superficially romantic the Irish are realistic enough about their bread and butter." I told them that all the Free State would support Mr. De Valera if we were foolish enough to try to bully him—and so it proved. To-day the war is over; the farmers tell you that they had a terrible time during the embargo, but that now Mr. De Valera "can reign as long as he wants, and his son after him." They've really got rid of the British at last (only Mary MacSweeney and a few extremists seem still dissatisfied). The English are no longer enemies, and we just asked ourselves in amazement what all the pother and bad feeling were about. Why did we not turn out of Ireland and have the Irish as our friends generations ago? What can be said now for the British rule and the talk that so long bedevilled commonsense about the Irish not being able to rule themselves and having to fight someone anyhow, and all the rest of it? What made us sane at last? Hitler. That's the answer. The bully remains a bully until he is frightened of a bigger bully. If Britain remains frightened and keeps out of war for a bit longer we may see the miracle of freedom in India too and more just and intelligent government all through the Empire.

* * *

The English are no longer people to hate, but they still bring money, and there is still plenty of blarney left in Ireland. Amongst the good things done by the De Valera administration is the encouragement of local weaving. Not far from us on the main road a banner called the passing motorist's attention to a shop where he could see homespuns being made and choose his own mixture. The English duty on the tweeds has been abolished and they are both good and cheap. In August motors and coaches stop outside the shop at frequent intervals, and the proprietor, who used to be no better off than the rest of the poverty-stricken peasants of the district, now does a roaring holiday trade and has a car and a wireless of his own. Part at least of his success is due to a peculiarly Irish type of advertisement. A little old lady, in a black shawl, comes out of the shop as the motorists arrive and sits down at a spinning wheel. She may not do much spinning, but she knows that she makes "a perfect picture" there on the mountain road, with the cottage behind and the water tumbling over the rocks below. She cannot help knowing that she makes a perfect picture, for the English tourists scramble out of their cars with delighted cries, focusing their Kodaks on her, sometimes snapping her from half a dozen angles at a time. The photographers do indeed make a perfect picture. But you should watch her technique. She has slipped out of the shop and sat at her spinning wheel just as the car came round the bend. Then, after the preliminary exclamations and photographs, conversation begins. She is suitably deaf, but not too deaf. She learns that they come from England. She throws up her hands, bringing them together across her breast, and says: "Glory be to the Lord, so you come from the happy country!" (If you are behind the scenes in the weaving sheds you'll see the lads hiding behind the looms for fear their faces will give the show away). Sometimes she'll kiss a pretty tourist. (She did not get that far with me; she only asked if my car—quite a small one—had come from England, and said "Glory be to the Lord, what a great work it must have been to put it on the vessel!"). These preliminaries over, the excited tourists, sure that they have at last reached the heart of "the real Ireland," troop into the shop and joyously buy many Irish homespuns.

* * *

Off the beaten track one immediately finds poverty which I have only seen equalled among the sharecroppers in the Southern States and in some parts of Eastern Europe. High up in the mountains we came upon a minute cottage, out of which emerged like a conjuring trick a woman and eight children. It was hard to see how they found standing, let alone living, room inside. The husband was dead and as all the children were young there was only the mother to milk the cow and only kindly neighbours a mile or two off to cut the hay or dig the potatoes. These neighbours told me that the house was condemned and would fall in on the top of them any day, and that though the State gave the woman a small pension she was too ignorant and helpless to know how to make the best of it. The children looked scarcely better cared for, I thought, than the few calves and chickens standing

by the door. Another farmer, comparatively well off, had just been forced to build himself a new house because the old one that his father and grandfather had lived in was falling down. He collected the stones himself—120 cartloads from a hillside several miles away; his son had done the carpentry, and everyone had helped. Even so it had cost £120 to build. The State was allowing him a housing subsidy of £70; he said he would have got £80 if he had been able to speak Irish. He had just managed to get out of debt before having to build the house and though he had thought the State's subsidy very handsome, he was in despair of finding the extra £50 or so. Where would he ever find the money? The few pounds he could raise from selling a few calves or an occasional foal and a little butter at present prices were only just enough to pay for essential winter food for the animals and the few other things they had to buy from the towns. The £50 represented to him a mountain of debt which could only be paid off, if at all, by many years of ceaseless drudgery.

* * *

The most fascinating part of wandering about Ireland is that the people talk so readily, say such surprising things and believe so much that you have forgotten people really do believe. A holiday may be defined as life among people who have never heard of Czechoslovakia. The woman who told me about how St. Patrick had thrown the last of the snakes into the lake was probably used to tourists, but I found in conversation with a lad who had not long left school that he sincerely believed the legend of St. Patrick and the snakes. Another man, the head of a family and an intelligent farmer, assured me in all good faith that I could see a rock stained for ever with the blood of a priest who was killed by the British, and in another place the hoof marks of a horse which had leapt over the rocks with a priest on its back in an attempt to escape the Redcoats in the bad old days of the penal laws. The children all learn Irish at school and have to know it to obtain jobs in the Civil Service, but there are not many districts outside Connemara where one hears Irish spoken, and the young men and women I talked to had forgotten most of what they had learnt. In the parish I stayed in every single person who could walk or ride a bicycle was at Mass on Sunday morning, and though I thought the celebration perfunctorily performed, and although not a word was intelligible to anyone present, there was no doubt of the faith of the congregation or of the consolation it brought them. The priest's authority still seemed immense, though I heard complaints of the extortionate dues he extracted for a marriage or a christening. He had taken £20 from one farmer for marrying him, and seldom got less than £1 from even the poorest home. The two young men I got to know best were both devout Catholics, but not comforted by it as their elders seemed to be; their one desire was to get away from those Irish bogs which a foreigner like myself might think beautiful, but which offered no release from a narrow life of toil and poverty.

* * *

On the top of a hill I met a man. He said: "Have you seen my donkey?" I was sorry I had not. "Would you be having a cigarette?" he said. It happened I had none with me. "You wouldn't," he said, "be carrying a match with you, I suppose?" CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to J. Francombe.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

The promise for the safety of our civilisation has been advanced by the announcement recently of complete agreement among the nations in the acceptance of the British Plan for the withdrawal of volunteers from both sides in the Spanish War.

To the patience and courage of the British Government we pay tribute in this wonderful achievement, which transcends in importance any possible result from it in the matter of the actual withdrawal. —*Searchlight*, Organ of Eastcote and District Conservative Association.

Hollywood's sense of humour might have been inspired by a Britisher, because it can laugh at itself.—*Hull Daily Mail.*

Schoolboys should be taught to throw bombs.

This was suggested at Spalding Grammar School conference to-day when Headmaster L. J. Driver proposed to include javelin-throwing at the annual sports.

"Why not let them throw dummy Mills bombs?" said Dr. S. H. Perry. "It would be training for the boys for the next war and would be just as good sport."

Dr. Perry told me he was serious in his suggestion.

"It would be much more sensible than showing them how to throw these silly old-fashioned javelins."—*Daily Mirror.*

HUNGARY AND EUROPE

VIEWING European politics these days from Budapest one feels like nothing so much as Alice on the wrong side of the looking-glass. The same objects which we see with our Western eyes are reflected in the press and in men's minds but in such strange shapes that they are almost unrecognisable. The explanation is simple enough. A country which plumes itself on its diversity of newspapers—there are more dailies in the Hungarian capital than in London—and on its high degree of Western civilisation has in fact become a mere echo of whatever version of political or economic developments is given out at any time by the "synchronised" press of Germany. This process of ideological assimilation has been going on steadily over a period of years, *e.g.*, the virtual monopoly enjoyed by the *Information* news agency (alias D.N.B.), and, of course, since the incorporation of Austria in the Reich it has been accentuated. With rare exceptions editors have needed no governmental pressure to play up to Hitler. Consequently what seems to us reasonable and desirable is regarded by one's Hungarian friends as preposterous, and *vice versa*. The idea of States making a stand for democracy and the principles of the League Covenant—as exemplified in Prague's fateful week-end, May 20th–22nd—strikes no chord in Budapest; and while Germany under Nazi rule, with her restless power-impulse, figures in our imagination as the big bad wolf, to the bulk of Hungarians she is a much to be admired, if somewhat intimidating, elder sister.

In questions of foreign policy, geography always has the last word. At all times the German colossus exerts a compelling influence on the countries lying to the east and south of the Reich. With the disappearance of the Austrian wedge it has become, in Hungary, overpowering, and Germany's rulers have not failed to drive the point home by diligent prosecution of the work on *Autostrade* in the Burgenland province, pointing at Hungary's heart. Hungary is helpless. And well does M. Kánya, the astute Foreign Minister, know it. Hence the enthusiastic tribute he paid to the success of the Berlin-Rome axis in his speech in the budget debate in Parliament on June 1st. He knows Hungary can afford to make no move that might displease the mighty neighbour.

Hungary is, then, under the lee of Germany, irrevocably. Let us make no mistake about it. Nor is it a new development. The German orientation dates from the morrow of the Treaty of Trianon when Count Bethlen and his friends swallowed their class-prejudice against the "Jews and Marxists" of Weimar Germany for the sake of having a powerful ally for the national cause of treaty revision. Later on the ruling oligarchy realised that they were buying a pig in a poke, and so made every effort to escape domination by a closer connection with Italy. (Incidentally, Signor Mussolini's encouraging reference to treaty revision in a speech at Milan on November 1st, 1936, secured for him instantly the honour of having a square in Budapest named after him.) Last

year, and at the beginning of 1938, the "Italian" policy, based on the Rome Protocols—always more popular than the German connection—seemed to have really proved itself, and the radical groups of the Right, who are vociferously Germanophile, appeared to be on a bad wicket. The annexation of Austria, however, has made all the difference. While M. Imrédy and those now in charge are sincere in their determination to suppress the Hungarian Nazis, the country's condition of diplomatic and economic vassalage to Germany is unmistakable. Only if Signor Mussolini were in a strong enough position to break away from the axis could the recent Rome visit indicate any change in Hungarian policy.

Count Bethlen himself (in a newspaper article on April 19th) now makes the best of a bad job and, though anticipating "a certain domination in both foreign and economic policy," rejoices that "it [the annexation of Austria] opens the possibility of emerging from the period of humiliation imposed by the Treaty of Trianon and recovering her former important position in the Danube basin."

Here is the clue to present Hungarian policy: let us, they say, respond to the German embrace and undertake to mount guard on the middle Danube against the pan-Slav menace (which, of course, does not exist), and in return Herr Hitler will see to it that Hungary gets her due, in the break-up of Czechoslovakia and the future "squeezing" of Rumania. When I was in Budapest recently, the dissolution of the Czechoslovak State was frankly taken for granted, and it was assumed that Hungary would secure as her share of the spoils at the very least the genuinely Magyar districts in the east and south-west of Slovakia.

This assumption underlies no less the dream-pictures of those who are unhappy about the German connection and are talking in terms of building a barrage against the Nazi flood, formed by a chain of States which should link England and Italy with a chain of Central European and Danubian States. This *combinazione*, by the way, was portrayed to me in terms of a Western Stresa (England, France and Italy) group, and an Eastern Stresa (Poland, Hungary, Rumania, Jugoslavia) group, with a connecting link in the Franco-Polish alliance!

It is a flimsy construction, one of its foundation pillars, the Anglo-Italian Agreement, being mere stucco. What strikes the foreign observer particularly in Budapest, however, is the bland assurance with which Hungarians dismiss any idea that Czechoslovakia may be regarded as an essential factor in the European balance of power and that therefore, as Mr. Chamberlain has intimated, Great Britain cannot be disinterested in its fate. If they do regard its dismemberment as *chose jugée* it is partly, of course, the wish being father to the thought, but mainly because, as I have suggested, Hungarian opinion is "made in Germany". And, in the absence of any apparatus of adjustment, Hungary's astigmatism seems likely to continue.

In this situation what is, what can be, the role of British policy? After the submersion of Austria it may well be thought that the countries of the Danubian Basin are at the mercy of Germany and that the defence of British interests must be made farther afield. According to the latest figures, indeed, Germany's economic domination is complete. She still takes 42 per cent. (it was formerly 45 per cent.) of Hungary's exports, paying in over-valued marks and benefiting by a cleverly-contrived exchange compensation system. German prices being high—except for motor vehicles—Hungary is compelled to curtail her imports from Germany, and there is a balance of 65 million pengö owed by the Reich to Hungary (some of this on Austrian account) which gives Germany a useful leverage. There have been reports of British and French trade missions preparing to achieve an expansion of British trade with Hungary, as with Rumania. But in order to achieve any measurable success in this direction it would be necessary to evolve a new politico-economic technique—on the lines of the Anglo-Turkish Commodities, Ltd.—capable of beating Dr. Schacht at his own game. The prospect of a vigorous and sustained effort of this kind seems remote. In any case the Hungarian Government would be very chary of accepting any offers from London or Paris, since Germany has let it be known that she would regard any such diversion of trade as an unfriendly act. The Prime Minister, M. Imrédy, has time and again affirmed that he wants no more from this country than normal trade facilities.

It is only in connection with Czechoslovakia, one feels, that the British Government could help—if it would. At the moment, perhaps, responsible opinion in Hungary would not listen to counsels of prudence. The champions of treaty revision—which means all politically-minded Hungarians—are just now chortling at the thought that Mr. Beneš' is a lost cause and that this portion at any rate of the lost territories will shortly be restored to them. (How it is to be done they are not quite sure. There has been some heartburning about the map recently published by *Die Woche* showing Budapest, the capital, and half of Transdanubia as an integral part of the Reich! The danger is indeed that in the event of German "intervention" on behalf of the Sudetens, the Hungarian Army might take matters into its own hands—which would at once bring the Rumanian Army into the field.)

But in a few weeks, or at most in a few months, they may have to think again about Czechoslovakia—and indeed about Hungary's foreign policy altogether. There is a chance here for the Western Powers to take back the initiative which has too long been left to the Berlin-Rome axis.

Cannot the British Government, which has been so active in Prague, exert its influence with M. Hodza to persuade him to contemplate actual territorial cession—to offer voluntarily to revise the Slovak frontier so that, subject to satisfactory guarantees, the area which is unmistakably Hungarian, the region of the Grosse Schütt, in particular, might be restored, as an earnest of good faith? One knows all the arguments against any territorial change, but desperate situations call for desperate remedies. Negotiations on this basis would have to be kept very secret, and they are only possible underneath the umbrella, so to speak, of the Western Powers. But if M. Imrédy and M. Hodza could announce at the appropriate moment a concrete achievement in the way of peaceful treaty revision, such a contribution to "appeasement" might change the whole atmosphere in the Danubian Basin. And Germany, thus presented with a *fait accompli*, would be hoist with her own petard.

W. HORSFALL CARTER

BRACES

I OVERHEARD a curious conversation between a man and his wife from my bedroom window during the week-end. Through the kindness of my host and hostess I had breakfasted in bed, and I was having a late shave when I heard a sharp cry, "John!" from the garden. "Yes," came the reply in a gentle voice: "Is there anything I can get for you?" "John," the first voice went on, "how dare you?" "I don't understand," said John, and I could hear the click of the deck-chair he had brought as he made it ready to sit in; "have I done anything to upset you?" "Upset me!" replied the other; "I tell you one thing. You're not going to sit down in that chair till you've gone in and made yourself look like a decent human being." "Now, now, Emily," he protested mildly, "do lower your voice and tell me what is the matter. The others will hear you and think we're quarrelling." "I won't lower my voice," she said, doing her best at the same time to lower it to a whisper and, in her agitation, failing badly, "but I'll tell you what the matter is. You've come out"—she spoke slowly and grimly—"looking like a country bumpkin. I've told you again and again that I will not have you showing yourself in public in your shirt and braces. It's uncivilised, and you know it is. Go in at once and take your braces off or put on a coat and hide them."

"I can't make you out, my dear," sighed John; "what on earth is there indecent about a pair of braces?" "Why can't you wear a belt," retorted Emily, "like other men? Every

decent man wears a belt when he takes his coat off." "Doctor Smith told me——" began John. "Doctor Smith" she interrupted him, "is an old fool." "He told me," persisted John, "that the reason why so many Americans suffer from a certain malady is that nearly all Americans wear belts." "And what is the malady?" she asked sarcastically. "I've told you before," he said, "and I don't suppose you want your husband to be a permanent invalid." "I'd rather have my husband a perfect invalid," she told him, "than disgracing himself in public and looking like a—an oaf. How would you like it if I came out in my stays?"

"I mightn't like it," he agreed, "but I shouldn't say anything about it. I've often disliked the things you wear. I thought the short skirt uncivilised and I detest make-up as the most contemptible invention of the Father of Lies; but I've never had a row with you about any of these things." "Well," she assured him, "you're going to have a row with me now." "But why, my dear?" he asked. "Life is short. I'm already over sixty and"—his voice became pathetic—"can't have very long to live. Does it really matter whether I wear braces or a belt in the interval?" "The shorter life is," she told him fiercely, "the more important it is to observe the rules of decency while it lasts. Go in and get your belt at once. I packed it. You're giving a bad example to the neighbourhood. You look like a farm-labourer."

I could hear him sighing deeply. "Emily," he said, "I have always done what you asked me to do in the matter of dress. Soon after we were married I gave up boots for shoes, though I disliked shoes. Out of my love for you I stopped wearing made-up ties with evening dress, though tying a bow always was and still is a torture to me. Because I worshipped you and would have done almost anything to please you, I took to wearing sock-suspenders, though I detested them. There is scarcely a garment that I wear that does not in some way symbolise my love for you. My handkerchief pocket is outside instead of inside my jacket because you wished it so. My trousers are permanently and ridiculously turned up at the ankles—because you wished it so. The lowest button on my waistcoat is left undone—because you wished it so, Emily," he pleaded, "can you not allow me just one liberty? I am an old man and"—he coughed bronchially—"by no means robust. Be merciful, my dear, and let me wear my braces till the time comes to send me on my last journey." Emily ignored his appeal. "Go in and put on your belt at once," she ordered harshly.

I looked out of the window and saw him rising wearily from the chair. He was certainly an odd-looking figure with his shining bald brows, his greying beard, his gleaming spectacles, his crumpled blue shirt, his braces that showed as lively and inharmonious a mixture of colours as I have ever seen, and his fine display of trouser-buttons. Though an adherent of the pro-braces party, I could quite understand Emily's strong emotion at sight of that particular pair of braces exposed to the light of day. It was worse than wearing a red, white and blue tie.

"All right, my dear," said John, dragging his chair away. "I'll go and sit behind the hedge where you can't see me." "That will make no difference," she told him; "even if I don't see you, I'll know you're there. Now, John," she said, altering her voice to a pleading tone, "do be sensible. Go in and put on a belt, just to please me." "I'm sorry, Emily," he replied, "but this is a matter of principle." "But what," she cried, "will the others think if they see you? What will Mr. Y. think?" "I don't care that," he said, snapping his fingers "for what Mr. Y. thinks." And with a little flush of temper, he tottered off with his chair to the vegetable-garden behind the hedge.

It must be confessed that during the rest of the day nobody seemed to worry much about John's braces. It was very warm, and one might have been forgiven for wearing almost any costume to mitigate the oppressive heat. Even Emily, who is the most good-natured of women except on one subject, seemed to forget that her husband looked like a great oaf and she actually seemed to be the most cheerful member of the party.

The next morning, however, when we were sitting in the shade on the lawn after breakfast, it was noticed that John was missing. After a time, our host became anxious, and said: "Where's John? I must go and see what's happened to him. I hope he's not feeling the heat." After a time, he came back with a troubled look. "The most extraordinary thing has happened," he said. "John can't find his braces, though he's perfectly sure that he hung them up with his trousers last night." I glanced across at Emily, and, as our eyes met, she looked away guiltily. "And the curious thing is," our host went on, "somebody has left a belt on John's dressing-table. John says he can't make it out because he never wears a belt. His doctor, it seems, has ordered him not to, so he says he can't come out till his braces are found." Emily fidgeted in her chair and said: "John is talking nonsense. Please go and tell him to put on the belt, and I'll undertake that it will have no injurious consequences." Our host took the message and returned with the grave news that John seemed to have a phobia about belts and was going to spend the day in bed. Having both a belt and braces, I proposed to lend John my braces, but Emily said: "I couldn't think of letting you do such a thing, Mr. Y." As she spoke she made a nervous gesture that knocked her large and bulging handbag off her lap; and, as it struck the ground, it flew open and out of it fell the most vivid pair of braces that have ever polluted an English Sabbath. "Good gracious!" exclaimed our hostess, "how did they get there?" "He must have put them there in his sleep," I suggested rather lamely. No one put forward any alternative theory, and our host triumphantly carried the braces into the house. Five minutes later, John emerged, beaming, the happiest and most repellently clothed man within a ten-mile radius. "John," said Emily resignedly, but cheerfully, "you look just like an escaped lunatic."

Later in the day I read in the *Sunday Express* that "there is in Britain—just as in every civilised country in the world—a social vendetta against braces." Emily's behaviour to John, it must be admitted, was a remarkable confirmation of this statement. I am convinced, however, that the social vendetta is waged—and waged too successfully—entirely by women, and that most men, when going out without their coats, would wear braces if they dared. I asked one of my friends whether he wore a belt or braces. "I'm a coward," he said; "I wear both." I asked a very wise Scotchman the same question. "I'm a pessimist," he said; "I wear both." But with both of them the braces have to go as soon as the coat is removed. I wonder why. Are braces really indecent? Or are men, in wearing belts, simply the slaves of one of the most meaningless censorships the world has ever seen? As a general rule, I am on Mrs. Grundy's side, but I think Mrs. Grundy has gone too far in her perverted and remorseless enmity to braces. Next Sunday I mean to defy Mrs. Grundy.

Y. Y.

SCIENCE AND MEDICINE

IT is not too much to say that the advances in biological knowledge in the present century have been more fundamental than in the whole of its previous history. The revolution in biology, unlike that in physics, has been one of almost imperceptible movement, unmarked by violent reversals of opinion, so that not only the world at large but probably the great majority of biologists and doctors are not consciously aware that any revolution has occurred. What has really happened is that in the present century we have for the first time become aware that what had been studied so far in biological systems, their forms and movements, their reactions to this or that environment, are but the external manifestations of the chemical changes that form the basis of biological activity. Even the great work of Pasteur, with all its medical consequences, was derived in the first place from strictly

biological observations. But whichever road of investigation was followed led inevitably at the end of the nineteenth century to biochemistry. The study of bacterial growth and activity, the production of immunity against infection, the problems of nutritional disease, the mechanisms of growth and reproduction, were all found to be essentially chemical in nature. The functioning of all organisms, and particularly of the human body, would seem to depend on a balance between a number of chemical factors, some produced by the organism itself, some introduced from outside, and our power of affecting the functioning, and of correcting it if it deviates from the norm, lies in our control of these chemical processes.

How far medical research of the present day is turning to biochemistry is shown by the cross-section exhibited in the annual reports of the Medical Research Council. Here we have a body that directly and indirectly controls and directs something like four-fifths of the medical research that is done in this country. It represents what is still, though in a rough and imperfect form, the best kind of organised research in the service of the community that we have. The subjects with which it deals in its last report are, with one or two notable exceptions, really chemical problems—hormones, vitamins, enzymes, chemotherapy. A year's work, especially in a biological field, rarely reveals any startling advances, but this year the Council have announced a new departure in policy, which may have as important an effect as a new discovery in science, namely their intention to set up a special fund for research in chemotherapy. Chemotherapy is a new name for the old conception of specific drugs that has haunted medicine for centuries, the dream that if we could only find the cure for each disease and put them all out in bottles, the doctors' work would be only diagnosis. Actually, until very recently there were only four diseases for which cures of this sort were available and for the most important of these, malaria, the drug was simply a native discovery whose action, though specific, was mainly palliative. The problem of finding the chemical substances which will kill the organisms of protozoal or bacterial diseases without hurting the host is one of extreme difficulty, and so far has been tackled in a somewhat crude and empirical manner. Substantially we still follow the pioneer methods of the great Ehrlich, that is, to try out thousands of chemical compounds first on cultures, then on animals and finally on man. In this way, for instance, "Bayer 205," which is specific for African sleeping sickness, was first discovered. The method is necessarily extremely cumbrous, but until we know more than we do at present of the biological action of chemicals, so as to be able to predict the precise function of each chemical group, it is the only way open to us. Quite recently it has scored a success in the development of sulphanilamide and allied substances, which seem not only to be specific for most forms of streptococcal diseases but also to deal with a number of other bacteria, and look like ridding the world of at least two important diseases, puerperal sepsis and gonorrhoea.

Up till now the centre of chemotherapic work has lain with the chemical firms of Germany, because only in such firms can the large number of substances and trained chemists needed for the work be found. It was particularly to avoid this dependence that the Medical Research Council has moved into the field, as the report states—

> Were the matter only one of prestige, the situation would be serious enough, but the financial aspect is also of much importance. Foreign firms have built up large organisations and have spent large sums of money to advance this aspect of therapeutics. They naturally, therefore, expect to derive substantial profit from any practical discoveries. Not only do they take out comprehensive patents to cover these chemical agents, but they do not as a rule grant licences for manufacture in this country: in case of war, therefore, the British Empire might be deprived of essential drugs, as in the case of salvarsan compounds in 1914.
>
> There is accordingly great need for further research in Great Britain aimed at the discovery of new chemical substances of therapeutic value, and strong reason for developing a national scheme of investigation not unworthy of comparison with the work that is done abroad.

Granted, therefore, that it is desirable to have some British chemotherapy, the next question is how it is to be done. The example of Germany has not been followed in this country, as the report states regretfully:

> In Germany, where research in chemotherapy has been so successful, the investigations have been mainly made in the large research establishments maintained by the manufacturing firms. These have employed hundreds of chemists, and have persevered for a decade or more before achieving a result capable of commercial development. Manufacturing chemists in Great Britain have not appeared willing to use their resources in this manner. The main interests of the larger firms have lain in other directions, while the smaller firms have been content to make a profit by acting as agents for foreign products. In these circumstances, the only possibility of securing that this country took its proper part in the matter, in relation to its imperial responsibilities, was a national scheme supported from public funds.

Now this policy is a very notable departure because virtually for the first time, though still on a limited scale, we find Government aided research taking an active part in production. If the Medical Research Council succeed, they will develop new drugs, and they will have the problem of producing and marketing them. Naturally this step has led to much criticism, and it has been pointed out with certain justice that with a £30,000 annual grant it is hardly likely that results will follow in any way comparable with those of German industry which spends hundreds of thousands of pounds annually, and, even more important, possesses an immense fund of experience embodied in its laboratories. The criticisms of the scheme, however, seem more concerned about its success than about its failure, for they are usually coupled with a resentment of interference with commercial enterprise. Now it is a regrettable fact, from the point of view of the public, that in recent years commercial producers of medicines, quite apart from producers of patent medicines, tend to dominate the whole of the practice of medicine and will dominate it more and more if the present development in chemotherapy, hormones and vitamins continues. The doctor is dependent, not only for his material, but even for his information, on the advertisements of commercial firms, which can hardly be expected to be always disinterested. An attempt to break this down by research directed purely in the interests of health, even on a small scale, is to be welcomed.

The other aspects of the Council's work concern themselves with the almost equally important chemical problems of vitamins and hormones. Here steady progress is recorded. It looks as if we shall in the next few years have completed the discovery, the purification and possibly even the synthesis of all the chemical substances needed for nutrition; though we shall still be far from understanding their physiological action. With the more complex question of internal secretions, the hormones, the most powerful agents for control of the bodily functions, we have not advanced so far. Not all have even been purified, let alone analysed, and we are only at the beginning of understanding how they work, but the attack on them proceeds steadily. Another field of growing interest is that of the virus diseases. One very important development during the year has been the method of growing viruses on membranes of living and developing eggs, which are much more controllable than experimental animals, and may lead to very rapid advance in understanding and controlling virus disease.

The one notable non-chemical contribution to medical research is the publication of the report on the inheritance of mental defects. Politicians and reformers have talked for years about this, without anyone having examined the facts on a clinical and statistical basis at all adequate for understanding them. This Dr. Penrose has done and found that the question is not a simple one, that mental defect is not one disease or inherited condition, but the result of a bewilderingly large number of diverse diseases and conditions, and no simple and uniform way of dealing with this problem is likely to be found until we take this into account.

Taken in all, the Medical Research Council report is a record of admirable work, but one cannot fail to notice two things about it. One is that in relation to the magnitude of

the problems with which it is dealing, it is utterly inadequately financed and staffed. A grant of £190,000 is a ludicrous sum to pay for knowledge of how to deal with diseases that cost in money alone some £200,000,000 a year. It is time we woke up to the fact that people are suffering and dying every day for the lack of knowledge that could be acquired at a trifling expense. The second defect, which is not unrelated to it, is the altogether unco-ordinated and piecemeal character of the work done. Only in chemotherapy and certain aspects of vitamin work is there any indication of a broadly planned attack on general problems. Though the work is valuable in itself, it would be a hundred times more valuable if it were part of an organised scheme of research on the more general and fundamental problems. J. D. BERNAL

Correspondence

DIVORCE LAW

SIR,—In answer to Mr. A. P. Herbert's question I suggest that a reasonable solution would be to give the wife the right to proceed for desertion, notwithstanding a non-cohabitation clause in the separation order, in all cases where the husband is in arrear with his payments for, say, three months in the three years forming the period of desertion. This would be in accordance with the principle under which a Separation Agreement may be treated as a nullity under certain circumstances, and it would cover a large number of cases of real hardship.

For instance, I had the non-cohabitation clause in an order struck out some months ago in a case where the husband had for five years paid nothing. It was originally inserted for good cause, but is now unnecessary, as he is very unlikely to return to face a probable commitment.

Incidentally, the insertion of the non-cohabitation clause was usually by no means so ill-considered as is supposed. In many cases of desertion there has also been cruelty, but it has either not been possible to prove persistent cruelty or desertion has been charged because it is much less likely to be contested. The non-cohabitation clause was also often inserted because of difficulties arising from the Russell *v.* Russell decision in cases where it was absent.

I have experienced no difficulty in having the non-cohabitation clause struck out in suitable cases, but, as the law stands, there are practical disadvantages in divorce for working-class women.

SOLICITOR

INDIANS IN ENGLAND

SIR,—The treatment of Indians by hotel officials in the Capital of the Empire and other parts of the country to which you have so rightly given publicity, rouses the indignation of all those who realise that we need all our friends of every race, creed and colour in the present critical times.

It is a matter which demands action on the part of the authorities if irreparable harm is not to be done to Imperial relations. I quote from memory a story which I heard in Paris some years ago, only wishing that our Government were as enlightened as the French in the matter.

A coloured gentleman went into a night club in Paris and sat down at a table. A party of Americans protested to the manager and said that unless he told the "negro" to leave, they would leave themselves. Afraid of losing his wealthy clients, the manager approached the member of the dark races and requested him to leave, which he did with good grace, accustomed perhaps to such rudeness in Europe. But he happened to be an important official in the French Colonial Service (or I am not sure whether he was not even a representative of his people in the Chamber of Deputies itself) and he told the authorities of his treatment in one of the city's night clubs. Whereupon the police were sent to the night club in question to inform the manager that if ever such an incident occurred again on his premises, they would be closed once and for all.

It is an unhappy thought that in the same circumstances such wise action could hardly be expected from the authorities here. Am I not right in believing that even a world-famous coloured singer was treated with scant courtesy on one or two occasions in this country?

If the editors of the big national dailies think it too "personal and inflammatory" a matter to mention, so much the worse for them and their duty as controllers of a free press to provide the public with the truth. HUGH BARNES

2 The Old Well House,
The Grove, N.6.

NAZI PROPAGANDA

SIR,—In your issue of July 23rd under the heading "Nazi Propaganda," after describing the underhand methods of the alleged Nazi propaganda organisations in this country, you continue:

> The most important of the organisations of Nazi propaganda is the very respectable Link, with reputable Englishmen at its head.

I must ask you to contradict that statement. The Link is in no sense a Nazi propaganda organisation. Among its thousands of members are probably few who can be classed as anything but democrats. It is not concerned with party politics, but with friendship with Germany.

I may add—it seems an important point—that this attitude is accompanied by enmity towards no other country.

With regard to the points raised in your article:

You say that the headquarters of The Link are in Holborn. They are not.

You say that the danger of this organisation lies "in the fact that it recruits its members amongst the small middle class." That is not correct.

You continue: "In other words, people who do not know much about politics and may easily be convinced that Nazi Germany is the finest country under the sun." I doubt whether the small middle class in England are particularly foolish or gullible.

You say that the real purpose of The Link is hidden from its members. That is untrue.

You say that "in The Link lonely city girls have a chance of meeting people, going out to parties, dances and other social functions." That is not so.

You say that a "weekly bulletin printed in Germany is freely distributed among all the members." That is untrue.

You say that "thousands of members of organisations like The Link are being told that the only person with whom Germany is prepared to reach an amicable understanding is the present Prime Minister—Mr. Neville Chamberlain." So far as The Link is concerned that is also untrue. C. E. CARROLL,

The Link, (Editor, *Anglo-German Review*).
Link House, 230 Strand, W.C.2.

[We are glad to publish this letter, though we do not, of course, accept all its denials of the statements in our article. Much of what Mr. Carroll says, indeed, seems to indicate a difference of opinion on his part, rather than any mis-statement on our part. The one obvious error of fact we made was in saying that the headquarters of The Link are in Holborn; they are in the Strand.

As regards the real point of substance, Mr. Carroll says that The Link is in no sense a Nazi propaganda organisation. We did not say or imply in our article that it was such in the sense of its being an organisation established or supported by the National Socialist Party. Our contention was that it exercises an effective influence in spreading sympathy with Nazi principles, and in that sense we described it as an important organisation for Nazi propaganda.—ED. N.S. & N.]

THE COST OF CORN

SIR,—Mr. Easterbrook, in his interesting article on corn, seems puzzled by the different figures given by farmers for the cost of growing grain. As a practical farmer specialising in grain production, I think I can explain this. Allowing a given figure for the cost of seed, fertiliser, rent, labour, and fuel it is possible to come to a fairly accurate figure for the cost of growing an acre of corn. The cost of corn in shillings per quarter of course depends on the yield and it is this which varies so much, not only between one season and another but according to the type of soil as well. A wet season may suit the soil of a particular farm so that heavy crops are produced, while on another farm the opposite may be the case. My own costs for growing wheat work out at about £7 per acre; if my yield is 8 sacks they will have cost 35*s.* per quarter, but a yield of only 6 sacks raises the cost to 46*s.* 8*d.*

I should like to point out, also, that in order to receive the guaranteed price of 45*s.* per quarter, the farmer must sell his wheat at that figure which is subsequently taken as the average for the year. Users of Combines who, unless they have expensive grain

storage bins, must sell during August and September invariably receive a much lower price than the average and thus do not get the full amount of 45*s*. The quota is also reduced if more grain is grown than the 6,000,000 quarters on which it is payable.

Fincham Farm, Rougham, King's Lynn, Norfolk. ROGER NORTH

MILK PRICES

SIR,—I was interested in your paragraph on milk, in your issue of August 6th, and the announcement in last week's press that Scottish housewives will have to pay more for milk—beginning in October, a month earlier than last year—prompts me to ask if anyone can give a rational explanation of an apparently farcical situation.

A Scottish producer well known to me informs me that he would much prefer not to increase the price of his milk. He considers himself quite well paid at the present rates. He is, however, compelled to increase the price. He sells his milk in a large industrial area, and many of his customers cannot afford the increased winter prices. They cut down their purchases so much that the farmer is actually worse off than he was at the lower price—so much less milk is sold. And what of the children whom the Government wants to keep fit by encouraging them to drink more milk? I am aware that some of them get milk at school, but that is no reason for the home supply being cut down unnecessarily. Who does get any benefit from this seemingly crazy scheme? KATE Y. A. BONE

Morar, Woodhall Road, Colinton, Edinburgh, 13.

THE HARRIS-WILDE MEMOIRS

SIR,—Allow me to point out to Mrs. James and to Mr. Robert Sherard that Sir Edward Clarke's intemperately discourteous denial (which I read to-day for the first time) of my account of what happened (not as Mr. Sherard suggests in Mr. Humphreys' office but in Sir Edward's chambers "in consultation") does not, as they seem to think, "disprove" my story, or prove anything at all. It is simply a question of my word against Sir Edward Clarke's. My recollection is perfectly clear, and my account of the incident has never varied for forty years. He *did* promise to put me in the box directly after opening his case. I gave a "proof" (a written statement) of my proposed evidence to Mr. Humphreys. It is quite possible that this "proof" is still in existence if Messrs. Humphreys have kept the papers in the case, which is possible and even probable. I attended the Court, expecting to be called, and was amazed and confounded when Sir Edward did not call me.

Sir Edward Clarke's statement that my father's character was "quite irrelevant" is just a typically quibbling example of the way in which professional lawyers lay down the law trusting to the ignorance of laymen. As it happens, I can prove that the character of a man who is prosecuted for criminal libel may become relevant, because when Robert Ross prosecuted me for criminal libel at the Old Bailey in 1914 the parallel between my case and my father's was complete. I pleaded "Justification," exactly as my father did. My character was at that time so much "relevant" to the case that Ross's counsel, Sir Ernest Wilde, "opened" by a violent attack on it, and the Judge (Lord Coleridge) made not the slightest attempt to stop that attack.

I adhere to my view that Oscar Wilde would have won his case against my father if he had been adequately represented by counsel. ALFRED DOUGLAS

1 St. Ann's Court, Hove.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE

SIR,—Mr. J. M. Keynes's letter on August 13th fills me with hope that he may lend his most valuable help to the prospect of the National Theatre. Those of us who have been for many years trying to bring such a theatre into being, still need help from people of Mr. Keynes's authority and influence. I can speak for the Committee when I say that a larger site than we have been able to acquire, especially if given by the Crown, would enable us joyfully to build and endow a large as well as a small theatre with their "rehearsal rooms, workshops for scenery and costumes, ample storage and an indoor and outdoor cafe." But the possibility of a gift of Crown land, and not only the gift, but even the purchase on reduced terms, has been diligently explored and definitely proved impossible. Nor do I think there will be public support for carving a site either out of Hyde or Regent's Park, even if a super-enlightened Government were prepared to do so. Londoners are quite rightly extremely jealous of any encroachment on their open spaces.

It has seemed to us that, like so many of our great institutions, the best way to get this theatre into being is by private effort, and so prove its value. This we hope to do. Everything is ready. One or two munificent donations to our present fund would enable us to build and start work at once.

Holmbury St. Mary, Surrey. EDITH LYTTELTON, Vice-Chairman, National Theatre Appeal Committee

COPYRIGHT FOR PAINTING

SIR,—I am not a lawyer and do not claim to appreciate all the subtleties of our legal system. An episode that has occurred to me recently makes me think that my profession at least, cannot easily protect its honour and interests.

I was recently told that a picture by my father Camille Pissarro was exhibited in a dealer's shop window. My informant not having succeeded in getting details about it for the catalogue of my father's works which is in preparation, I went to the shop myself and recognised it immediately as one of my own. My signature had been effaced and C. Pissarro painted in. For the sake of my father and of myself, I of course put the matter in the hands of my solicitors. But five visits to court, first about the copyright and then about false pretences, failed to secure the erasure of the false signature, and the picture is now apparently sold. I am, therefore, in the position of knowing that someone —I do not know who—possesses a picture I painted, and in all probability believes that the picture is my father's; and I cannot but fear that some day the owner of this picture will suspect me of having had a hand in a very despicable act.

Now, there is, of course, no doubt that the case was tried perfectly fairly, and that the result was in accordance with the law. May one not suspect, however, that if a grocer had offered for sale margarine as fresh butter the result would have been different?

If things like this happen to artists—I see nothing to prevent it—surely some tightening up of the relevant parts of the law is necessary? LUCIEN PISSARRO

The Brook, Stamford Brook, London, W.6.

MARCEL AYMÉ

SIR,—We regret to say that we have only just observed in your issue of July 23rd a remark contained in a review by Desmond Shawe-Taylor of *The Green Mare* by Marcel Aymé. Your critic, after finding considerable fault with the translation of this Fortune Press publication, praises the book very highly and says: "It is a tragedy that this should be the first introduction of M. Aymé to the English public."

In 1933 we published Aymé's novel *The Hollow Field* in a translation by Helen Waddell. We should be glad to receive credit for having made an attempt to popularise M. Aymé as many as five years ago, and we think that the translator's name is guarantee that in this case the English version was worthy of the French original. CONSTABLE AND CO., LTD.

10 Orange Street, London, W.C.2.

THE RECKLESS PARTRIDGE

SIR,—Miss Sackville-West's account of the attack on her Alsatian dog by a partridge recalls an experience I had in Perthshire.

Tramping, rucksac over my shoulder, I heard a small sound in the heather at my feet. Looking down, I saw a partridge move away, slowly, trailing one wing as if wounded.

I went forward. The bird rose. With a shriek of fury she flung herself at me. Startled, I retreated. Then she gave chase.

Her attack was systematic. Alighting after each thrust, she flew backwards and forwards, screaming without pause, and aiming straight for my face. The noise she made was terrific and she took no notice of the rucksac I swung across her path.

She saw me to a distance of nearly quarter-of-a-mile from her pitch. Then she seemed satisfied. But she gave one last loud warning cackle at my fleeing back before she disappeared to where she had left the chicks, safe in hiding, while their mother put humans in their place. BARBARA MACKENZIE

Thornhill, Dumfries.

MUSICAL VALUES

ONE of the evils we are admittedly suffering from at present is the temporary confusion of all values. I say "temporary" because the process of re-valuing is going on and is always simultaneous with the more apparently destructive process of de-valuing. I am going to do a little of the latter, de-valuing, in the hope of assisting the former; because the need for clarifying the confusion has been made strikingly clear this week by the obituary notices of the late Sir Landon Ronald.

The *Daily Express* gave us the following facts in its death-story:

> Landon Ronald took only half-an-hour to write the song millions have sung: "Down in the Forest."
>
> "I think it is awful," he told his publisher, handing him the MS. The publisher agreed. And for a quarter of a century 20,000 copies were sold every year.
>
> Sir Landon Ronald played scales before he could say "Dadda."
>
> Music was his life but not his god. He worked for it but he was always prepared to laugh about it.

Now the whole drift of this notice—and the other notices I saw, with the exception of that in the *Times*, showed the same tendency is in danger of suggesting to the man-in-the-street that this "man-in-the-street musician" (as the *Daily Express* calls him) was a natural musical genius who might have done anything. The truth, however, as I see it is:

(*a*) That he was not a "genius" but a man of popular inferior talent;

(*b*) That he took other things more seriously than music.

When we are told that Sir Landon Ronald thought his song "Down in the Forest" to be "awful" we should remember that he lost no opportunity of getting it sung, almost always including it in any programme he conducted. In short, we may dismiss this "I think it awful" statement as the mere business talk of a shrewd man with one foot in the world of music and the other foot in the world of business, astute enough to know that good musicians would consider his "Down in the Forest" as the mere tripe it is, but that it might sell to thousands of sentimental persons whose musical sensibility and intelligence was so rudimentary that they would be able to enjoy it. As the *Daily Express* reaches many of the very people who would enjoy "Down in the Forest," it is natural that it should take the line it did; but what are we to think of the confusion of mind which is shown by the article in the *Daily Telegraph*, from which I take the following:

> He might have become a famous pianist. He was an extraordinarily able conductor and—if he had directed all his energies into that channel—might have been a pre-eminent one.
>
> As a composer a natural facility was his and a certain charm, but he did not take these gifts seriously.
>
> He himself preferred to the more solid kind of fame a varied and enjoyable life.
>
> As a lad he played both the piano and violin, and he might have excelled with either but for his self-confessed hatred of the drudgery of practising.

Before I comment on these extraordinary statements I perhaps ought to say that I like to find a certain degree of conventional amiability in obituary notices. And I am all for seeing the good qualities which everyone possesses. I only disagree with the old saying *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* when the *bonum* becomes absolute bunkum. I could write an appreciation of Sir Landon Ronald which would have done him justice without offence to a musician whose musical talent was no more profound than his character, but who had all the amiability, the plausibility, the social, administrative and commercial capacity of a charming and superficial man of the world.

But the general questions raised by the statements I have quoted from the *Daily Telegraph* are of the utmost importance. Now the first thing that we have to get firmly planted in our minds is the utter fallacy of any idea that a man could have been what he was not. To say that Sir Landon Ronald could have been a famous pianist if he had practised is only unobjectionable if we are careful to point out that by "famous" we do not necessarily mean "great." The capacity to practise—if by "practise" one means working hard—is a part of the nature of a great musician. Mere five, six, seven or eight hours a day drudgery at the pianoforte will not make a great pianist, it will only make what the Germans used to call a *sitz-fleisch genie*—a genius of the sitting flesh. We all have heard such pianists. It is the essential nature of a great artist to take his art seriously. Mozart has left on record that he, gifted as he was, worked and studied incessantly at his music. There has never been a great artist who took his art lightly. Such a thing is quite impossible, and it is degrading to the very nature of art and an insult to all the great musicians who have ever lived to suggest that Mr. X or Signor Y or Herr Z could have been a great musician if he had only taken his gifts more seriously. When a man does not take his gifts seriously it has only one meaning, which is that these gifts are not as serious as other people imagined. Sir Landon Ronald could never have become a great pianist or a great conductor. This is, however, not to deny him any value, it is merely to have respect for values and not to flatter the public with untruths so that it rests content in its admiration of such musical tripe as "Down in the Forest I heard a bird." There is neither bird nor forest anywhere in that song.

W. J. TURNER

THE ABBEY FESTIVAL

NOBODY knows who "founded" the Abbey Theatre. There are the Fays—whose work on the acting side has been fully dealt with in *The Fays of the Abbey Theatre*, by W. G. Fay and Catherine Carswell. What they initiated, simply, was the use of Irish actors, and the simple and quiet method of acting which was once characteristic of this theatre. It has largely vanished before the incursion of realism. For that Sean O'Casey may, among others, be praised or blamed. But Miss Horniman, an Englishwoman, supplied the money, and Yeats the enthusiasm, and it all goes back, ultimately, to William Archer, and the Norwegian theatre at Bergen, and the Theatre Libre of Antoine in Montmartre in 1887. The genealogy is latticed.

The festival which opened on the 6th and concludes on the 20th has been planned as a recapitulation of the history of the theatre over some thirty-five years or so. The plays have been the old plays for the first week, and the more modern plays for the second; so that the first play was *The Playboy*, and the last will be Paul Carroll's *Shadow and Substance*. Daily lectures extract the theory, recall the vicissitudes, and have, now and again, pointed the moral. Only one play has been produced purely for sentimental reasons—*Blanco Posnet*; because the English censor banned it and the Abbey produced it. Mr. St. John Ervine has been omitted, and so has Padraic Colum; but such things are inevitable and the directors promise to make amends from year to year for feelings hurt the year before.

Most people, naturally, go to the plays; but an unusually goodly number of listeners have turned up every morning for the lectures, and they have been in some ways the better entertainment. This, I fancy, is not common at Dramatic Festivals. I am told it is not so at Malvern. As Gil Blas says, *Comme ces Irlandais aiment se disputer!* The chief lecture-hounds have been the American visitors, and some of them have been giving the lecturers a rather tough time. For questions are permitted, and the audience has more than once taken over the discussion from the lecturer. Naturally some of these visitors are Irish-American, and naturally, therefore, *hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*; and I might add more Catholic. This can be very awkward with such subjects as Synge or Yeats. Is Synge a good Irishman? Is *The Playboy* a fair picture of Irish life? If so is it typical of the spiritual life of the Aran Islands? It was rather fun to find a Boston Jesuit and the local Secretary of the Vintners' Association combining to put Mr. Frank O'Connor through the hoops on this. (Perhaps the Vintners confuse spiritual with spirituous?)

Yeats gave the Festival a new one-act play called *Purgatory*, and said after it that he put into it some of his ideas about this world and the next. The next morning the S.J. was hot on the trail of Mr. F. R. Higgins, the poet, who happened to be lecturing on Yeats. What did *Purgatory* mean? What are those beliefs of Mr. Yeats? Did anybody know what it meant? He did not believe it meant anything. To all these direct questions we found Mr. Higgins returning Sybilline replies. "The speaker must surely realise," he pleaded, "that it was not within his province to give an interpretation of a work of art?" And Mr. Lennox Robinson, in the chair, said that Dr. Yeats was the only person who could answer the questions and it was not fair to press the lecturer. But the S.J. from Boston was a hard-pressing man, and the upshot was a brain-wave from the chairman: "Would the audience like to give their views as to what the play meant?" They did. But we were no wiser. That evening the press sent reporters to Dr. Yeats to interview him, but whether his reply satisfies the scholastic mind or not remains to be heard. He said, in brief, that *Purgatory* symbolises the remorse and sufferings of the dead who recreate their old lives as in his play. There a woman had sinned by permitting the destruction of an old house—a destruction going on, to-day, all over Ireland.

Somehow, the symbol is pertinent to the Festival. One feels, not at the lectures alone, but even from some press criticisms, and the conversations in the foyer, that the Abbey has its back to the wall. But—a banned writer myself can ask—do we not live a great part of our lives in Ireland in a state of personal alertness? The new dramatists, like O'Casey, or the still newer, like Carroll, write on the offensive. The wise dramatist, I have heard it suggested, never comes to his own first night at the Abbey without taking the precaution of having two speeches ready: one to thank the audience, one to defy it. That may mean the descent from a broad, and in no way finicky, regionalism, to a bitter sectionalism. And all these finicky, scholastic questions about the plays are disturbing; as if the Abbey is expected to conform not to artistic ideals but to Saint Thomas's *Summa*. I should like to see Malvern, or Salzburg, or Bayreuth run the gauntlet in this way. But, perhaps Salzburg and Bayreuth are running the gauntlet in a not dissimilar way? Except that the Abbey, however bloody, is still unbowed; and, comforting thought, it is now in its third generation. Yeats links us up with Symons, Moore, Edward Martyn of Tullyra, and Robinson came in about 1910, and the two new directors, Higgins and O'Connor, were babies then.

In the acting and production there has been some deterioration. The ascetic restraint and simplicity and quietude, which Symons and Walkley so admired, are largely gone. Owing to the incursion of naturalism—all observation, learned by the eye—some of the best players are, while excellent in that kind of play, as out of place and as fussy as a lady's handkerchief in the more poetic plays. The feeling for poetry is especially weak. Thus, during the first week, everybody agreed that even that old favourite *The Rising of the Moon* was shockingly done—the key too low for its poetry, and too sharp for its humour. There is not an iota of the inherent poetic excitement left in *Riders to the Sea*, so that there is no catharsis—merely solemn gloom; Moscow Art Theatre realism. On the other hand, *The Playboy* last Saturday night was a triumph, one of those rarest of experiences in the theatre, where acting, play, production, and, most important, audience were in complete accord. I have seen pre-productions, for the Festival, of this week's naturalistic plays, all modern, O'Casey, Deevy, Carroll, Johnston. There the actors are most at home, for it is plain, I think, that audience and actors are being affected by contemporary life in Ireland, with all its social changes, democratisation, its harshness, even its bourgeois vulgarity, its realism in politics and commerce, its liking for satirical humour.

The future of the theatre lies with the power of the artist to defeat these things, and can any artist run against the hill so strongly as to flatten it? Much remains and will remain—the local disposition and temperament, the Irish verve, high spirits, unsophistication, softness. But it is a peculiar theatre—founded by sophisticated artists in the middle of a (basically) unsophisticated peasant community. As long as there are artists enough, and as long as Irish life does not go the way of the world, it will survive. It still has actors who hold the tradition—Shields and Dolan among the men; among the women, none at all. Even the best of them, like Ria Mooney and Eileen Crowe are lacking in tenderness, and nobody has the richness of Sarah Allgood. Possibly there is no use in fighting naturalism and realism, in which the actors are most at home, and for which there is a better supply of plays. But if so, then the Abbey becomes a different thing and must create a new tradition in that style. Excellent as the actors may be at that kind of thing there are hundreds as good all over the world, and I do not believe, anyway, that it is a kind of thing at which the Irish temper will ever excel. Irishmen are always persuading themselves they are "realists"; but Irish realism is only skin deep.

My general impression at the Festival was that I was looking at the end of a period.

SEAN O'FAOLAIN

UNPLUMED WARRIORS

WHEN I saw the other day that Clare Sheridan had written a book about the American Indian it took me right back to the time I lived in America. Not that I actually saw any Indians, but it happened—the thing about Indians that always makes me think about America when I hear the word "Indian"—like this. When I first went to America I was very young indeed, straight out of an English public school, where they do not teach you to live the full life in strange countries. I suddenly found myself in the adolescent's heaven, there was no one to tell me what to do next and I had a very fair allowance. It seemed that I had the adolescent's dream fulfilled specially for me; freedom and economic independence—the rewards of years of work—were mine because I had wished for them. I settled down to enjoy freedom and I found it the most god-awful bore. I didn't know anyone and I was proud or shy about making friends through letters of introduction; after a little while I found myself killing time by going to the movies every night, and sometimes in the afternoon, sitting the programme right through. In the end I found a place so strange that it actually did interest me, and I used to go there a great deal. It was a burlesque theatre called "The Old Howard" in what had been a church. I don't have to describe the earthy obscenity of the old-fashioned burlesque theatre here, all I have to say is that one of the policemen always stationed inside to detect any breach of the decency laws perpetually strained there took a dislike to having anyone as young as myself around. He gave me a little homily one day and told me to "go t'a gymnasium kid, get it outta ya system." And he gave me the address of a Mr. Flaherty.

Flaherty ran the Wong Lee Gymnasium, this was not as exotic as you might think, for the Wong Lee restaurant had gone bust and had left behind it nothing but a thirty-five-foot electric sign that was too good to waste. Flaherty was delighted to have an Englishman in the place, and he showed it by greeting me each morning with "How's da injustice and tyranny?" instead of the "How's da boy?" the others had. He used to explain to me that the Great War had been a plot against the Irish nation with the secondary object of "gettin' Uncle Sam to pull de ches'nuts out of de fire." And the weakness of the pound in those days was a source of rich pleasure. "T'ree dollars eighteen to da pound! I'll be running over to pick up Saint Paul's as a souvenir!" Any remark that I produced from my bookish past gave him real pain, and any indication of intelligence on the part of his boys produced a snarl: "I hate a wise guy." The boy after his own heart was a Swede who tipped the scales at 228 lbs., of which brain formed no part. We played baseball in a park

on summer evenings, and one night the Swede turned up with a piece of broken casting weighing more than 150 lbs. In the lunch hour at the scrap-metal yard where he worked he had been wagered that he couldn't lift it, and while he was holding it over his head the manager came out of his office. "If you can lift that you can have it," he said. So after work the Swede brought it with him three-quarters of a mile to the park. "What in hell are you going to do with it?" asked Flaherty. "I ask myself yust that," said the Swede.

In the end Flaherty had me boxing, and I made the team of the Hibernian Playtime Athletic Club in time for its annual venture into an arena where they held weekly amateur nights. Flaherty snorted over the entry form: "Cernowicz, Muller, Koestler, Riccioti, West, Olesen, Cepjacz, the hell of an entry for a Hibernian club." So we went out to fight as Connors, O'Reilly, Mulligan, O'Brien, Regan, Murphy, and Coke, with shamrocks embroidered on our pants and the use of the green dressing gown that was large for the flyweight and small for the heavy. The fights were amateur, they gave you a watch as a prize when you won and as you climbed out of the ring a man said "buy da watch" and gave you ten dollars. The watch went back to be next prize. We won fifty dollars between us and went off to have a celebration at a speakeasy afterwards. This was in the basement of a house of funeral parlours; these are rooms decorated suitably in which people with crowded homes can lay out their dead. When the big Swede passed out Cernowicz had the bright idea of laying him out upstairs, and he was left with candles burning round him and a prayer book in his hands. Two days later he turned up at the gymnasium with a Motion Picture Magazine flat and innocent in his hands. "I make joke for joke," he said smiling, and tapped Cernowicz on the head with it; there was a thump as Cernowicz hit the floor. The magazine was stuffed with sheet lead.

Our showing at the arena earned us an engagement to fight at an American Legion dinner in an industrial outlier of Boston. After we had fought, with the Legionnaires yelling for blood and a knock-out, we sat down to eat and drink with them. We hadn't managed to do much either before a floor show with about sixteen girls began. They weren't very good at dancing and they sang poorly; the Legionnaires became bored. The girls began to be squirted with siphons, then someone cried "Ya might catch cold in them wet clothes," and it was suggested that the girls take them off. And after that it wasn't very long before the Legionnaires had a try at getting them off; presently I found myself sitting by while three Legionnaires tried to pour whiskey into the mouth of a girl they were holding. It splashed on to her face, some went into her eyes. Out of the tumult a new rhythm came from the band; in the middle of the tables had appeared a lady in Victorian costume twirling a parasol. ". . . mother you are growing old . . . silver threads among the gold . . ." The Legionnaires began to join in. She sang another song of the same sort and all joined in, some crying. The girls slipped away, some naked, some holding a few rags of costume round them. There were no girls left when the flag was saluted and the party broke up.

Ricciotti had an old Ford and we gave two of the girls a lift down to Boston in it. We stopped at a drug store for a sandwich and a drink on the way down. It had been raining for twenty-eight hours and a gale was tearing in from the north-east. They told us the sea was over the wall south of Revere Beach. It wasn't very dramatic when we arrived; the sea was in half a mile, a still dark lake with houses rising from it. The police were rescuing people in a punt by the light of automobile headlamps. They suddenly came out of the dark with a few lumpish people in the boat, a big bird-cage and a cat. "They've rescued the Indian family," said a local man standing beside us. The punt was about a hundred and twenty yards away moving sluggishly. "It's a cold, I'm a bored," said Ricciotti. "Me too," said one girl. So we went off, and I never saw what an American Savage looks like.

ANTHONY WEST

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Promenades

The forty-fourth season of the "Proms" opened at the Queen's Hall on August 6th; as this is Sir Henry Wood's jubilee year there was an even more enthusiastic ovation than ever for him when he mounted the rostrum punctually at eight o'clock. This year's programmes follow along the same lines as those of recent years. A certain number of young artists and new works will be heard—a newcomer is Mr. Benjamin Britten, who is the soloist in his own Pianoforte Concerto at its first performance on Thursday, August 18th. Among the English composers of established reputation is Mr. Constant Lambert, who conducted his ballet suite "Horoscope" on Monday. This is excellent ballet music, but it loses somewhat in the concert hall. Mr. Lambert can be relied upon to compose music that is vigorous, well-constructed and not without invention. The opening "Dance for the followers of Leo" was particularly good and the slow "Sarabande for the followers of Virgo" we know makes an extremely effective ballet movement. The "Bacchanale" and the "Valse for the Gemini" are hardly up to the same level, although the latter again is probably excellent for dancing. Another English composer, Mr. E. J. Moeran, was represented on Thursday, August 11th, by his Symphony in G minor which had only been heard once before in London. This is a remarkably fine work which is notable for the sustained high level of its craftsmanship. There is a personal conciseness and vigour of expression in this symphony which makes it one of the most important works of its kind in recent years. Among the soloists that have played up to date Mr. John Hunt's performance in the Brandenburg Concerto in D with Mr. Gerald Jackson (flute) and Mr. Paul Beard (violin) deserves special mention, as does Raya Garbousova's sensitive and vital playing in Tchaikovsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme on August 16th.

"Last Train South," at the St. Martin's

Mr. R. C. Hutchinson is the author of several uncommonly interesting novels, including *The Unforgotten Prisoner*, *One Light Burning* and *Shining Scabbard*. He is unfortunately a very uneven writer, and his books might have been written in collaboration by two men, one highly imaginative, the other ingenuous and even arch. It is the latter who has written the new play at the St. Martin's Theatre. The scene is the waiting-room of a Russian railway-station during the Revolution, in a town about to be occupied by the Bolsheviks. Trains packed with refugee Whites are passing Southwards to safety. The station-master has two children, a Bolshevik son and a daughter married to a man who has been crippled by flogging—a punishment for deserting, when in fact he had been incapacitated by wounds. The General supposedly responsible for this outrage is extracted (together with his wife and daughter) from one of the refugee trains, and such excitement as the play contains depends upon his fate. Occasionally the confrontation of two views of life promise to be interesting, but mere melodrama always intervenes. The Reds are made villains, the Whites heroes—indeed the General seems likely at any moment to stagger to his feet and cry "Adsum." The ending is happy and the moral excellent, but the Tolstoyan talk of love and Christ is handled with embarrassing *naiveté*. Previously we have enjoyed some highly comic all-in wrestling between Miss Flora Robson and Miss Greta Gynt, and a grotesque Grand Guignol scene with Miss Robson brandishing a razor at Mr. C. M. Holland's throat. The dialogue is often good, the comic relief always excellent. The acting was not remarkable. Miss Robson in her more vociferous moments seemed to neglect the art of enunciation. Miss May Agate alone made her part convincing—a beautiful performance. Mr. Morland Graham, Mr. Aubrey Dexter and Miss Barbara Gott were the best of the others. The play falls between every conceivable stool; it is irritating, and sometimes ridiculous, but it is not tedious.

Glyn Philpot at the Tate Gallery

Glyn Philpot was not only a very accomplished painter but an uncommonly intelligent man. After a most successful career as a Royal Academy painter, he experienced, at the age of forty-six, a sort of conversion, and developed a new manner. He had been working in a style influenced by the Venetians and Goya—though the results suggested the influence rather of Sargent and Ricketts. His new pictures suggested the study of the Blue and Pink periods

of Picasso. This change of manner, which one presumes reduced his sales considerably, was an act of admirable integrity. The tragic thing is that the new pictures were not seriously better than the old ones. Scattered here and there in the retrospective exhibition are works which display Glyn Philpot's remarkable talent at its happiest, such as the little *Toreador* belonging to Sir Edward Marsh and the Flower Painting belonging to Mrs. Shirley Woolmer. It remains an enigma why so intelligent and gifted a man should have proved so disappointing an artist. Probably the sinister influence of Burlington House and the vulgar patron was primarily responsible; and when he tried so gallantly to turn over a new leaf it was too late—he had acquired tricky ways, like an ill-trained cricketer who cannot resist pulling every ball to leg. His work remains far more interesting than that of any present Royal Academician. It derives, moreover, an undeniable force from a sincere and welcome sensuality. The visitor to this exhibition may be recommended to proceed to the room where recent acquisitions are shown. Here he will find a particularly good example of Mr. Ivon Hitchens's work, presented by the Contemporary Art Society, and seven or eight of the best small pictures that Mr. Sickert (or perhaps any other Englishman) has ever produced. And may we beg the new Director of the Tate to signalise the opening of his reign by removing the pretentious piece of sculpture in the Blake room to some less inappropriate position?

"The Last Night," at the Academy

This film, shown last year to the Film Society, is one of the best that have come out of Russia since silent days. Once more, the theme is the Revolution—the last night in a provincial town before the Bolshevik dawn. One compares it with those early triumphs, *Potemkin* and especially *Mother*. Surprisingly little has been lost in enthusiasm; heroic simplicity has given way to more varied and realistic methods. The admirable heads of peasants, once sculpturesque in their effect, now give tongue and emerge as individuals from the crowd. Every Bolshevik is no longer a saint, every bourgeois a sinner; both are more genial and considerably more convincing. We still feel, it is true, the inability of the Communist finally to show any White as a complete and possibly attractive human being, but moments in *The Last Night* when this becomes flagrant are comparatively few. Apart from this fault, the atmosphere of revolution—the street fighting, the guns interrupting conversation, belated revellers crossing a square during a lull in the rifle fire—is admirably conveyed. Most of the scenes are in the streets during a single night. A student returning from a dance gets caught up by the wrong side and is shot trying to escape; an old man with memories of earlier revolutions finds himself the awkward guard of his former employer in a classroom; a train bristling with machine guns puffs slowly into the empty station where soldiers watch hidden in bars and booking halls. We catch the lively and tragic confusion: the picnic and the firing squad side by side. The comedy, too, of two suitcases, one containing bombs and the other traveller's samples, which find their way into the wrong hands, is unexpectedly good. There is also a short "film"—twelve impressive stills of a Jewish head taken by a German cameraman, Lerski—worth stopping to see.

"The Texans," at the Plaza

This film is a good example of a good genre. We are shown Texas immediately after the Civil War, with Yankee politicians and speculators preying upon the deflated Southerners. Then ten thousand head of cattle are driven, to evade oppressive taxation, through the deserts a thousand miles northward to a rail-head. (A map would have helped us ignorant Limeys to realise the geography.) There is the regular old triangle, with Miss Joan Bennett as its apex; and her plucked eyebrows and Hartnellesque frocks give just that note of exaggerated unconvincingness which Hollywood finds irresistible. But the exterior photography is very impressive: the steers and the conducting caravan of wagons are shown fording streams, ploughing through mud, distracted by snowstorms and sandstorms, pursued by flames and harassed by Indians. In fact, this is what is called an epic, and often achieves majesty by the multitude of cattle represented and the scale of the landscape.

"Gangs of New York," at the London Pavilion (from Monday)

Gangsters, like *cloche* hats, have become dowdy. We are now amused, rather than appalled, by their toughness, and their similarity to the stupider sort of ten-year-old boy is grotesquely obvious. Unfortunately, the American policemen, as depicted on the films, are hardly more adult in their behaviour. If only, we feel, if only the aged clergyman who was the headmaster of our prep school could be made G-man-in-chief, the problem would be solved before you could say Edward G. Robinson. Unfortunately, it is probable that the real gangsters are slightly more sophisticated and business-like, and would not be cured by two hours' weeding of the cricket-field or copying out a Georgic. *Gangs of New York* is an uncommonly exciting and well-contrived film in an accepted convention. Mr. Charles Bickford, bursting with rugged charm, plays the parts of both the gangster, Rocky Thorpe, and of the peeler—sorry, the cop—who successfully impersonates him. There was one part of Rocky's life into which his sedulous double refused to enter—his love-life, and the gangster's moll expected him to be less frigid after five years of the comparative celibacy of an American jail. Why the cop was so unthorough as to jib at the bedroom-door is not apparent, for Miss Wynne Gibson made an engaging moll: perhaps he remembered his training as a Boy Scout. His abstinence was nearly the ruin of his plan, but all ends happily. Mr. Alan Baxter and Mr. Bickford were specially good, and altogether this film can be recommended as rapid, ingenious and highly exciting.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, August 20th—
Protest Meeting organised by the Socialist Party of Ceylon against the recent Order in Council restricting the powers of the Legislature. Caxton Hall, 4.

SUNDAY, August 21st—
Fourth Week of Fabian Summer School, Dartington Hall, Totnes.

TUESDAY, August 23rd—
"Tobias and the Angel," Open Air.

WEDNESDAY, August 24th—
Opening of Radio Exhibition, Olympia.
"Thou Shalt Not," Playhouse.

"I parted with £1,600, including all my securities."

Widows with a little capital and no experience in financial matters are sometimes easy prey.
The tale is always the same. The tempting bait of high interest yields is swallowed . . . glowing promises are followed by bitter disillusionment and loss of capital. Tragedy indeed. For the protection of your wife, should you leave her a widow, choose the 'Safeguard' plan. None better. It provides a guaranteed income of £3, £6 or £9 per week according to her needs. It will free her from investment worries and shield her from traps laid for the unwary.

The **'SAFEGUARD' PLAN**
provides a non-fluctuating income of £3, £6 or £9 per week for a period of years after your death and a cash sum, if desired, when the income commences. When the annual income ceases a cash payment of £1,000, £2,000 or £3,000 is made. If you survive the period of your family responsibilities it can be arranged that the cash sums are payable to you.

An enquiry for full details and for an illustration suited to your own circumstances will cost you nothing; rest assured you will incur no obligation by doing so.

LEGAL & GENERAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY LTD.
10 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4
Established 1836 *Assets exceed* £42,000,000
General Manager: VERNON E. BOYS.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ONCE I tried my hardest to get a friend of mine to take Holy Orders, since he seemed to have leanings that way and I thought he was certain to become a brilliant, if eccentric, bishop. But when he found I was serious, he was scandalised—not because I am an unbeliever—but that any kindly person should wish his friend a parson. I could not understand this attitude in a Christian—yet if they could have their wish, not many people would choose to be clergymen—not many, regretting their lost chances in life, say to themselves: "I might have gone into the Church." This is because of a change in the popular attitude to religion, which is becoming more and more a private affair of each man's relation with ultimate truth, and less and less a social observance cementing together the people who live in one place. One result of the change is that clergymen are made to feel awkward. However hardworking, devoted, and useful their lives may be, they know that many people look upon them as unnecessary and useless persons. So the clergyman is unhappy and apologetic, whereas until recently he was quite as necessary a person as the country doctor. The spotlessly dressed, well-nourished, Victorian vicars in black broadcloth, with their flat gold watch-chains and their plump well-shaven cheeks remind one of the splendid shire horses which are led about the roads with ribbons in their manes and tails. They were the glory of Creation at which children goggled and men and women gave a special smile of pleasure. And at any time between 1700 and 1900 the English clergyman was an enviable being. So long as he accepted the established order as a Divine dispensation—and there was little reason for him not to—his life must have been almost perfect, since he had the material things and the spiritual things too. You have only to look through the shelves of a great library to see how much the clergy added to every department, hosts of reverend poets, scholars, critics, scientists.

* * *

Kilvert's Diary, chosen and edited by William Plomer (Cape, 12*s.* 6*d.*) was kept by one of the delightful clergymen that rouse one's envy. The Rev. Francis Kilvert was born in 1840 and this diary was kept when he was thirty. He was a bad poet but, as Mr. Plomer says, a prose writer of great natural gifts. His parish was on the Welsh border in the Wye valley, and from his diary one sees it as a lovelier place in 1870 than it is to-day. He achieves fine contrasts of light and shade.

> A heavenly day, reminding one of Wordsworth's *March Noon*, larks mounting, bees humming in the hot afternoon, lambs playing. Children in the lanes gathering violets and primroses and the mountain streaked and striped and ribbed with snow. . . . Joe Phillips entertained me with the terrors of the Llowes road at night, the black dog, the phantom horses, etc., which made my hair stand on end.

Perhaps because it was on the Welsh border, the supernatural looms surprisingly large. There was an old man who had seen the fairies—very yellow in the face—and there was Miss Sylvester of Presteign, the woman frog.

> This extraordinary being is partly a woman and partly a frog. Her head and face, her eyes and mouth are those of a frog, and she has a frog's legs and feet. She cannot walk but she hops. She wears very long dresses to cover and conceal her feet which are shod with something like a cow's hoof. She never goes out except to the Primitive Methodist Chapel. Mrs. Nott said she had seen this person's frog feet and had seen her in Presteign hopping to and fro from the Chapel exactly like a frog.

The explanation was of course said to be prenatal suggestion; shortly before her birth her mother had said to some children: "Go away, you young frogs," and poor Miss Sylvester paid dearly for the remark. The Rev. Francis Kilvert apparently believed it.

On almost every page there is the contrast of innocence and of violence—of light and shadow—in which the diarist delighted. After a lovely day spent with a party including his favourite Gipsy Lizzie "up to her beautiful eyes in corn and straw" preparing for harvest festival, working I.H.S. in wheat ears and filling the church with magnificent branches of hops and a cross covered with scarlet flannel, and going on working by candle-light, he locked up the church:

> Then some distance up the village the man's voice, deep, wrathful, dangerous, like the voice of a wild beast. His anger seemed to be rising as he came. He came nearer and nearer and passed the house swiftly. His voice, hitherto deep and suppressed like a growl, rose suddenly into a roar. There was a scuffle, a sound of blows . . . he raged and roared and cursed as before. "Bring her out! Bring her out!"

The reverend gentleman hurried off to get a policeman, but the man got his woman and police and clergy did not interfere. Next day "Lady Joscelyn Percy says that in this neighbourhood she never hears people speaking unkindly of each other." Apparently Mr. Kilvert had never spoken to her about "that liar and thief of the world Sarah Thomas," who suddenly disappeared one night. "Probably she passed it under some hedge and not alone. I hope she has cleared out of this village. Beast."

* * *

There is a grand description of old Maria Kilvert's funeral, aged eighty, who left £36,000—all but a miserable £7,000 to the church, for which the Reverend Francis thought she was mad. He describes the progress of the coffin, under which the bearers nearly collapsed, with malicious enjoyment. The great moment, however, was the reading of the will, when the Kilverts were consoled for their own loss of a fortune by finding, while the other servants had been left £100 apiece, cook had been left nothing. "I expect the other servants had a breezy time of it."

> During the valuation, the scales were solemnly produced to weigh a silver seal which Hobbs pronounced worth 2*s.* 6*d.*, and which I immediately stole. . . . I should like to have stolen a great many things, books, plate, etc., but I did not dare.

That last sentence seems to me to be an important index of the author's character. It could have only been written by a man who found no difficulty in facing the truth about himself and his desires; by a man the very opposite of the Reverend Theodore Pontifex in *The Way of All Flesh*. Yet did the Reverend Francis Kilvert quite face the facts about his feelings for little girls? He was unmarried and he was extremely susceptible to the charm of any number of "bewitching little friends." His accounts of lovely young girls provide the most beautiful passages in his diary—fortunately there is no shortage of them on the Welsh border:

> I could not help envying the father his troop of lithe, lissome, high spirited, romping girls with their young supple limbs, their white round arms, white shoulders and brows, their rosy flushed cheeks, their dark and fair curls tangled, tossed and blown back by the wind, their bright, wild, saucy eyes, their red sweet full lips and white laughing teeth. . . .

The reverend gentleman would travel ten miles for a kiss, and gave kisses as rewards in school for getting long division sums right. He always set down in his diary how the wind had lifted a short petticoat. He seems to know just what he felt. All the same it is puzzling. For instance, he is obviously attracted by whippings, and describes the ill-treatment of children in unnecessary detail, and loved to examine the innocent victims of cruelty. It is hard to say to what extent this was a definite perversion or how far it was the simple love of the dramatic and horrible wherever he could find it:

> It was what had been Mr. Smith. The foxes and ravens had eaten him. His eyes were gone. His teeth were dashed out by the fall and lay scattered about the mountain.

The present volume covers less than two years, and if, as Mr. Plomer suggests, Kilvert went on keeping a diary till his death, there should be material for another five or six volumes. I hope we shall be given one or two more at least.

DAVID GARNETT

THE LITERARY FORGER

The Fourth Forger: William Ireland and the Shakespeare Papers. By JOHN MAIR. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In that great newspaper of the past, the *D.N.B.*, it is the police columns that make the best reading. Regicide, perjurer, footpad, astrologer, eccentric, even "wit and man of pleasure" (slenderest title to fame)—these are the people who catch the eye, while we let the divines and landscape painters go. Respectability and a decent talent, alas, have small claim on the interest of the future. How many honest travellers have been remembered like Psalmanazar, the eighteenth-century Frenchman who toured Europe as a Jap, and invented not only a Japan of his own, but a Japanese language and religion to go with it? Would William Henry Ireland, the hero of Mr. John Mair's biography, have emerged from the *D.N.B.* if he had not added forgery to his other talents? No, the Shakespeare Papers are obviously his masterpiece, his one stroke of imaginative daring; thanks to them, he still lives. As forgeries they may seem to us now incredibly clumsy, but they made a flare at the time (1794) and for several years deceived even the learned. Outside the Bacon controversy there is no weirder piece of Shakespeariana.

The *fourth* forger: the other three, referred to in a contemporary verse, are Lauder, "Ossian" Macpherson and Chatterton. It was Lauder who accused Milton of plagiarism and, to support his case, quoted a number of passages in Latin, supposed to come from Grotius and others, but actually lifted from a Latin verse rendering of *Paradise Lost*. He managed to take in Dr. Johnson, who prefaced one of the essays; and in fact some of the resemblances to Grotius and Masenius were genuine. The starting point of this extraordinary forgery was nothing more than the chance remark of a critic that Lauder was not so good a poet as Milton; this so enraged him that he set out to demolish *Paradise Lost*. Both Macpherson and Chatterton had more solid and creditable motives. For them forgery, the fake antique, represented the one way in which they could get their poetry read, and apart from subterfuge they were only doing, rather more romantically, what Spenser had done before them. Their work, that is to say, has an emotional and aesthetic justification. And so, to some extent, had even the wretched William Ireland's, though he lacked poetic genius and showed rather more of the ordinary forger's knack. His motives were not altogether mean; rather, they were wildly fanciful.

His father, Samuel Ireland (who, by the by, was probably not his father), was a prosperous antique dealer and an engraver of picturesque views. Everything with old associations appealed to him, from rare books to a lock of Edward IV's hair. He was pompous, credulous, extremely respectable, and felt a deep contempt for his son. His obsession was Shakespeare; from an early age William had had Shakespeare thrown at his head. After dinner the family, including two daughters and a draconian housekeeper, would sit round reading one of the plays, and this would be followed by endless discussion and adulation of his pet subject till bedtime. William soon saw that the only way to his father's esteem would be through Shakespeare. But how? A curious incident when they were visiting Stratford gave him the hint. They had toured the town in search of relics, and hearing the tradition that there were old manuscripts in a nearby farm made their way there. The farmer, who was not too pleased to see them, amused himself by pretending that he *had* a few weeks before seen some papers signed Shakespeare but they were all burnt. Samuel was horrified, and returned to London believing in the calamity. This credulousness made an effect on William, who during an idle afternoon in the barrister's office where he worked, dashed off a letter from Shakespeare to Queen Elizabeth after the model of some of the documents round him. A fair copy done in weaker ink on old parchment was presented to Samuel, who accepted it immediately. William produced other documents, letters, leases, and finally a death-bed profession of faith—also signed, of course, Shakespeare. The profession of faith was particularly successful; those who saw it—including several famous scholars and men of letters—pronounced it a masterly example of the dramatist's prose. This was William's first taste of an audience, and from that moment he did not hesitate. A love letter from Shakespeare to Anne Hathaway, a poem, the manuscript of a *Lear* from which miraculously "the coarseness had been knocked out" and new passages of improving sentiment put in, the beginning of a *Hamblette*, deed gifts, more letters to Elizabeth and Southampton, flowed in reckless profusion from the pen of the industrious William. He was a quick worker, and into this work poured all his thwarted literary ambition. The discovery of so much treasure was referred to a mysterious Mr. H., whose name, of course, could not be divulged. All these MSS. were examined by experts and pronounced genuine. Obviously they must have looked right, but the spelling was so fantastic—*gennetellemanne* and *perrepennedyculerely* showed the extent to which William could let himself go—that one would think no scholar could have seen them without being immediately suspicious. Yet they passed muster; more, they delighted all those who examined them, for they revealed a new, a refined and moral Shakespeare. The anachronisms of style were perhaps, as Mr. Mair suggests, one of the strongest reasons for their being accepted; this was a Shakespeare more to the eighteenth-century taste, and the inclination was to accept him gratefully. And yet it seems amazing that no critic except Malone should for several years have raised a serious doubt. Scholarship was not then the exact and departmental science it is now, but men such as Tyrrwhitt had set a standard. Their successors must have known all about the Shakespeare Papers, must even have seen them. Yet it was not until they had been published in volume, and an entirely new play "by Shakespeare," *Vortigern*, was on the eve of being produced by Sheridan at Drury Lane, that the storm burst. Then Malone came out with his denunciation, which rent all William's work to pieces, and the play was almost hooted off the stage. The mysterious Mr. H. from whom the MSS. were supposed to come still did not reveal himself to defend his documents. William kept up the pretence for a while, even drove about in a coach "given by Mr. H.," and announced an imaginary engagement to an heiress; then, hemmed in on all sides, his fantasy collapsed and he confessed. He still held on to his ambition, for he hoped by this written Confession, a brief autobiography, to make his name as a writer. But the Confession fell flat; worse, critics (including his father) did not believe it, and said that he had not the talent to have done the forgeries himself. To his death Samuel Ireland remained firm—outwardly at any rate—to his belief in the genuineness of the Shakespeare Papers, and even published a Vindication of them. William lived on for another thirty-five years in the provinces, discredited, wretchedly poor, acting, writing novels, satires and plays under a pseudonym. In the struggle between father and son both had been dragged down; and with them all those who had welcomed ecstatically the "new Shakespeare" for whom they had been looking.

It is an incredible story, which Mr. Mair tells amusingly and well. He is not too drily condescending, and he even makes us feel sorry for this shabby, neurotic youth and his dreams of surpassing Chatterton. His portrait, side face, with ringlet curls on the forehead and the sensitive nose of a coati, shows a queer, furtive handsomeness. If only poor William had had a little more talent, what a hero he would be! Or if even he had been capable of blackguardly detachment, what a laugh he would have had! But he was very enthusiastic, very dull and much too frightened to enjoy the real enormity of his achievement.

G. W. STONIER

WOODROW WILSON CONTINUED

The Life and Letters of Woodrow Wilson. Vol. VI. By RAY STANNARD BAKER. London. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Mr. Baker goes on his stately way. With the present volume, he reaches the actual entrance of the United States into the war, and it is inevitable that this aspect should dominate his pages. What emerges from it, I think, presents less general novelty than confirmation of the pattern that other sources have woven. The bigness of Wilson is unquestionable, and I doubt whether anyone could read Mr. Baker's account and retain any doubts of his profound sincerity. But I think it is clear, also, that he evaded from the outset putting to himself certain vital questions he ought to have asked. Granted the views he held, his retention of Page at London, for instance, is difficult to understand. For Page was so furiously pro-Ally that it was obvious that he was incapable of acting, in any full sense, as the President's representative until after February, 1917. And it again emerges from this volume that the position of Colonel House was an indefensible one. It was not only that he was ignorant of his job. It was not only, either, as Mr. Baker makes clear, that his European discussions were built upon postulates quite different from those of Wilson. More important than either, is his fundamental irresponsibility. He was a child in the hands of those with whom he negotiated.

He obviously so enjoyed the importance of his contacts that he had no real notion of what those contacts were for. Of the many criticisms that can be made of Wilson, none, I think, is more important than the fact that his break with House was postponed until 1919. This naive meddler is a standing warning against the dangers of the amateur diplomatist. Not even a third-rate professional would have made half the blunders that he made. It is only amazing that it should have taken Mr. Wilson so long to find him out.

Two other points in this period are incisively brought out by Mr. Baker; the first is the skill with which Mr. Wilson brought a united nation into the war. Granted all the brutal clumsiness of German diplomacy (here, at least, it has not changed), the feat is an amazing one. For he had only just been re-elected on the platform of having successfully kept the peace. His critics were numerous and powerful. He had a deep sense of the divergencies between his own outlook and those of the Powers with which he was to associate his fortunes. He pursued with remarkable insight the Fabian tactic of waiting and then striking hard. Mr. Baker does not add much here to our knowledge of the principal issues involved. But he adds a hundred small details of profound interest to the story—even some interesting problems, like the sudden change in Wilson's attitude to Senators Stone and La Follette. I am not certain that his inability to accept their criticism, the sincerity of which is beyond doubt, is not the most indefensible of his attitudes. For, until almost the final moment of decision, his mind was far nearer to theirs than to that of many of those who welcomed it. It was he who changed rather than they.

Outside the war itself, there are other matters of great interest. The grave complications of American imperialism in Latin America; the domestic issues, like conservation, the tariff and the interest of the farmer; the internal struggles of the parties; upon all of these Mr. Baker has things of moment to say. It is curious to note how badly most of his critics emerge from the attacks upon him in this realm. Theodore Roosevelt has momentum without insight; General Wood is the poorest kind of specimen of the "political" soldier pursuing his private ends; Senator Lodge, as always, is incapable either of generosity or foresight. Wilson's enemies could not even understand how great a gesture he made when he appointed Mr. Justice Brandeis to the Supreme Court; thereby he even atoned for what he afterwards came to recognise as the grave blunder of his first nomination. By the time, indeed, these pages open, this main domestic work was already over; and, after 1917, the war made impossible any attention to other issues.

When all is said against him that can be said, I think Wilson remains a supreme exponent of liberalism at its best. He was, no doubt, obstinate and arrogant. His mind remained too narrowly political. He did not easily understand criticism. He had little inclination to examine the foundations of his own thinking. He never fully understood that, for causes he could not control, the battle he fought so tenaciously was a lost cause before ever he entered upon it. Yet he did see, what few other statesmen of his time saw, that the only justification for the war was its issue in a just and permanent peace. He did seek to transcend the mean and narrow ambitions of the Powers with which he was associated. He did strive with all his might for ends that were never ignoble ends. From Mr. Baker's volume there emerges a man whom it is impossible, with all his defects, not to admire. From 1916 to 1918 he embodied with great distinction all that was best in the middle-class conscience of the civilised world. The defeat of the ends he sought is one of the supreme tragedies of history; for those who will pay the price of that defeat are the generation he laboured so earnestly to save.

HAROLD J. LASKI

A GREAT ARTIST

Sir John Vanbrugh: Architect and Dramatist. By LAURENCE WHISTLER. *Cobden Sanderson.* 21s.

At last the great Van is taking his right place among the few men of genius in the visual arts that this country has produced. During two centuries after his death he was lamentably underestimated, first by the Palladian purists of the Burlingtonian school, then in turn by the neo-classic revivalists, the Ruskinians, and the Academicians who found Regent Street Nash and left it nasty. Probably his talent for comedy has helped to obscure his genius for architecture: "an amateur," his detractors cry, as if the same could not be said of Wren. But the vagaries of fashionable taste did not obscure the vision of the greatest of English art-critics: "In the buildings of Vanbrugh," Sir Joshua says in his Thirteenth Lecture, "in the buildings of Vanbrugh, who was a poet as well as an architect, there is a greater display of imagination than we shall find, perhaps, in any other." Recently, Mr. Geoffrey Webb, Mr. Christopher Hussey, Mr. H. A. Tipping, Professor Dobrée and Mr. Christian Barman have written of Vanbrugh's architecture with erudition and persuasive enthusiasm. Now Mr. Laurence Whistler has written a full-length biography, which deserves to be widely read.

When Professor Dobrée and Mr. Webb were preparing the admirable Nonesuch Edition of Vanbrugh's works, they asked permission of the late Duke of Marlborough to examine the Vanbrugh papers that he owned. "His Grace not only refused his permission," I quote Mr. Webb, "but declared, with doubtful historical sense, that Blenheim Palace was the private house of a private English gentleman, and went on to express a wish that there might be no discussion of the house or its building either in the newspapers or in book form." Mr. Whistler, in his preface, acknowledges his debt to the present Duke of Marlborough for permission to study his house, but says nothing of permission to study his papers. Moreover, he has used, he tells us, the Nonesuch text of the letters, which perforce was taken from transcripts in the British Museum. It is possible, of course, that he has been given access to the Blenheim Muniment Room, and found in it nothing to his purpose. But if so, he should, I think, mention the fact, if only to prevent anyone supposing that the present Duke's historical sense is as doubtful as his predecessor's.

Mr. Whistler follows the other authorities in calling the Vanbrugh way of building "Baroque," but it lacks conspicuously some of the most characteristic qualities of the true style as seen in Italy, Spain and Austria. While Baroque is agitated, Vanbrugh is static; while Baroque is curvilinear or diagonal, Vanbrugh is rectilinear. Mr. Webb has very felicitously declared that Vanbrugh's architecture is "heroic." To quote again from Sir Joshua (Mr. Whistler unaccountably never quotes from him at all) "Vanbrugh appears to have had recourse to some principle of

ENDS ARE MEANS

A Critique of Social Values

by K. S. SHELVANKAR

With an Introduction by

PROFESSOR H. LEVY

3s. 6d. net

"A very remarkable achievement. . . . I have long felt that a critical analysis of the assumptions and arguments in Aldous Huxley's *Ends are Means* has been called for, and I think in writing it Mr. Shelvankar has performed at the same time a service to the cause of peace and intellectual clarity. The second part of the book stands by itself and is, on account of its brevity and directness, a most remarkable performance."

J. D. BERNAL

"A first class bit of work of immediate and high political value."

FRANK PITCAIRN

(*Daily Worker*)

LINDSAY DRUMMOND, LTD.

6-7 BUCKINGHAM ST., W.C.2

HEALTH WINS.
"The Survival of the Fittest" is a jungle law, a pagan law, but one that still operates to-day. The man and woman whose nerves are fit and healthy not only escape the minor ailments that sap our strength and vitality but are able to get the most out of life each moment of the day.

"In the present state of medical knowledge.."

"We know to-day", says the medical scientist, "that the only sure safeguard against illness is *abundant nervous vitality*. Nervous vitality is dependent on an adequate supply of organic phosphorus and proteid to the nerves and blood." 'Sanatogen' supplies the essential phosphorus and proteid in their most easily assimilable forms.

'Sanatogen' gives you new health, new strength, new vitality. It provides the power to resist illness: the physical and mental energy to enjoy life to the full. 'Sanatogen' is a food, not a stimulant—the good it does is as permanent as the blood in your body.

Live up to life this Summer: take an eight weeks' course of

'SANATOGEN' *(Trade Mark)*

A brand of Casein and Sodium Glycero-phosphate

THE NERVE TONIC FOOD

Obtainable at all chemists
in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

The word 'SANATOGEN' is the Trade Mark of Genatosan Ltd., and denotes their famous brand of Casein and Sodium Glycero-phosphate. A 'GENATOSAN' product made by GENATOSAN Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

M & C

Gothic Architecture. . . . In the language of a painter, he had originality of invention; he understood light and shadow, and had great skill in composition. To support his principal object, he produced his second and third groups or masses." Mr. Whistler, who does full justice to this aspect of Vanbrugh's style, says that his favourite theme of round arches is typically Roman, and also typically Norman. Looking at some of Vanbrugh's designs, and remembering that he never went to Italy (though of course he was familiar with drawings of both Palladian and ancient Roman architecture), I think he may well have been influenced by Ely and Peterborough. Vanbrugh himself, in his letters to his patrons, promises that his buildings will have "a Manly beauty," will make "a Masculine show." They are castles, made polite by the use of symmetry and classical detail, rather as the *Canterbury Tales* were made polite by Dryden, but with far happier results.

Mr. Whistler makes two neat comparisons of Vanbrugh with his contemporaries and colleagues. "The styles of Vanbrugh and Wren indicate very well the routes by which they approached architecture: the one mathematical, the other dramatic." "Hawksmoor would always listen to the demands of his client, Vanbrugh would only listen to the demands of his art: it is the eternal difference between the small artist and the great." But this is less than fair to Vanbrugh. For he never quarrelled with any of his clients, except the great Atossa, and there was no one with whom she did not quarrel. Vanbrugh called her "that B.B.B.B. old B," and one understands what he meant. But what Mr. Whistler means when he calls her "at heart a good woman," I cannot conceive. She was avaricious, designing, proud, vindictive and cruel. Even her devotion to her husband was tyrannical; even her chastity was qualified by a readiness to play upon the *schwärmerei* of poor Queen Anne.

As a writer of comedy, Vanbrugh had neither Congreve's exquisite style nor Wycherley's remarkable stage-sense. But *The Relapse* and *The Provoked Wife* hold the stage very well; Lord Foppington and Sir John Brute are very solid, and not unsubtle, characters. But there is no hint in Vanbrugh's plays—or indeed in his letters—of the imaginative genius exhibited in his architecture. He was a popular, good-natured, apparently simple man. Mr. Whistler gives a pleasant picture of him; and occasional eccentricities of style are easily forgiven to a biographer who can write so effective an account of Seaton Delaval as it is to-day, a magnificent shell, surrendered to the pigeons. (Apparently it is in danger of collapse—I can imagine no more important call upon the energies of the National Trust and the S.P.A.B.) The value of this book is much diminished by the inadequacy of the illustrations. It costs a guinea, and there are only fourteen pages of photographs. Worst of all, there are no plans of Castle Howard, Blenheim or Seaton Delaval, and without a study of these it is quite impossible to form a just notion of Vanbrugh's development and importance.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE RED ARMY

The Red Army. ERICH WOLLENBERG. Translated from the German by CLAUD W. SYKES. *Secker and Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

On the eve of the October Revolution, General Dukhonin, Commander-in-Chief of the disintegrating Russian Army under Kerensky, made a report in which he placed the number of deserters at about two million, and gave a casualty list of 1,800,000 killed and 7,000,000 wounded or taken prisoner. While Kerensky's war-weary and land-hungry army was breaking up, Red Guards were being formed in the factories to serve as workers' defence forces. They operated in a twilight of semi-illegality until General Kornilov's march on Petrograd, with a military dictatorship in view, made it imperative for Kerensky to arm the workers. The Red Guards, co-operating with revolutionary units of the regular army, subsequently survived all attempts to disband them, and the first fighting formations of the Red Army were grouped around their divisions.

The operations of guerilla bands were a conspicuous feature of the Civil War, particularly in Siberia, where decades of political exile had given the whole population a revolutionary consciousness, and in the Ukraine, where the fickle guerillas of "Papa" Makhno fought first on one side and then on the other. There were also bands of "Greens," deserters from Reds and Whites, Mr. Wollenberg tells us, who took their name from the woods which sheltered them, and were often addressed by Trotsky as "Comrade Deserters." The guerilla tactics of the armed bands were favoured by some of the Red Army leaders, one of whom, Klim Voroshilov,

formed a clique of former N.C.O.s who opposed the central authority and often ignored commands issued by former Tsarist officers. He acquired an early dislike of Tuchachevsky, the young and brilliant lieutenant of the Tsarist Guards, whom he was later to be instrumental in sending to his death.

The deadly peril which threatened the Republic as the Civil War intensified brought more support for centralisation as opposed to guerilla warfare, but centralisation was not achieved without a widening of the gulf between the army leaders. There was still a marked individualism about the interpretation of orders in certain quarters, and the action of Stalin and Voroshilov in refusing to execute a command to evacuate the Tsaritsin sector at a crucial moment in the civil struggle was later stated by Tuchachevsky to have prolonged the Civil War by two years.

During the Polish Campaign of 1920, when Soviet troops were hammering on the gates of Warsaw and it seemed that Bolshevism might sweep through Europe, Tuchachevsky attributed the collapse of the Russian offensive to the fact that the forces of the south-western front were induced by Stalin and Voroshilov to disobey the C.-in.C.'s orders to concentrate in readiness for an advance on Lublin. On this showing, there was a personal score to be settled between Stalin and Voroshilov on the one hand and Tuchachevsky and his associates on the other. There was also a deep political schism, for Mr. Wollenberg tells us that Tuchachevsky and Gamarnik were the leaders of those opposition elements within the Red Army which deplored the new chauvinism, the decay of a revolutionary international outlook, and the rise of an officer caste in its ranks. The author rejects as "monstrous and contradictory" the charges made at the trial of the Generals that they were spies for the German General Staff, whose intervention they were seeking; that they were trying to bring about a restoration of capitalism; and that they were preparing for a revolutionary offensive against the Western imperialisms. He agrees, however, that there was actually a plan for a "palace revolution" and the overthrow by forcible means of Stalin's dictatorship. The Moscow Proletarian Rifle Division, led by General Petrovsky, was to occupy the Kremlin and break the resistance of the G.P.U. troops, while if necessary Ukrainian troops commanded by General Dubovoi were to be rushed to Moscow. Tuchachevsky and Gamarnik were to be the leaders of the *coup*.

Delay followed delay in carrying out the revolt, and, in the end, Stalin struck first. From the standpoint of the maintenance of his dictatorship, says Mr. Wollenberg, he was justified in putting the conspirators on trial for high treason and shooting them. But, the author adds, "when a totalitarian government annihilates with fire and sword any manifestation of opposition in any form, there is no possibility of carrying out a political programme by democratic means." He believes, with Trotsky, that the execution of the Generals beheaded the Red Army, between which, and the ruling Stalinist clique, there will remain an unbridgable gulf.

Mr. Wollenberg himself served in the Red Army from 1921 to 1936. Judging by some of the conversations he refers to, he must himself have held a fairly high position. The information on which he bases his conclusions regarding the trial of the Generals was supplied to him in part by officers belonging to the Tuchachevsky group. His book will infuriate the "Stalin is always right" school, but it must be regarded as a valuable, as well as a very readable, contribution to the study of events about which there is still a marked shortage of data.

PAUL WINTERTON

A SAUNTERER

Adventures of a Bookseller. By G. ORIOLI. *Chatto and Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Booksellers are the innkeepers of the intellectual world, and Signor Orioli would undoubtedly have made a capital innkeeper. He has the sort of temperament that suits both callings: humanist, contented, unambitious, full of friendly curiosity, delighting in the diversity of mankind, perpetually interested in chance encounters. "Well spent or ill spent," he reflects, "I should not mind living this life over again"; and his book is the story of a man so quick to adjust himself to his surroundings that he seems nearly always happy. The manner in which he conducts his business might not commend itself to a Callisthenes: I doubt if he takes down the shutters every day vowing to make of that day

"THE CRITIC'S IDEAL"

WHAT are you reading during August, the month when new books are scarce? Perhaps you forgot to note down the titles of some of the July books which seemed to be interesting? Among them must surely have been DANCER IN MADRID (10*s.* 6*d.*), the narrative of her experiences in the besieged city by Janet Riesenfeld, the American dancer. Brian Howard, in his column review of this book in the *New Statesman and Nation*, said: "It is extremely seldom that one can recommend a book to everybody. . . . In this respect, *Dancer in Madrid* is almost the critic's ideal. I can think of no one, except the very stupidest Fascist, who would not enjoy reading Miss Riesenfeld's account of her adventures. The author is one of those infinitely peculiar people who are able to take a pen for the first time and put down what *really* happened to them, during six months of their life."

Nazis in America

The recent spy disclosures in U.S.A. have drawn attention to the Nazi organization there. William Seabrook, the famous traveller, gives some interesting details about the Nazi *Bund* and its *Führer*, Fritz Kuhn, in his latest book AMERICANS ALL (8*s.* 6*d.*), which tells of his visits to the German, Scandinavian, Polish, Italian and Russian communities in the States—a personal survey, as it were, of some of the ingredients of the "melting-pot." It is straight reporting of the best kind, and very entertaining.

Topical Novel founded on Fact

Near the German frontier in what was Austrian Tyrol, to the daily sound of machine-guns accompanying never-ending military manoeuvres, Edith Roberts wrote her second novel, AND TO-MORROW'S DOOMSDAY (7*s.* 6*d.*), which tells of an Americanized Serb student's fight for freedom in Jugoslavia. For every incident in the story, she says, there is a foundation in fact, and in most cases a foundation in personal experience. "Her descriptions are full of power," wrote Frank Swinnerton in the *Observer*. "They give immediate probability to a story which is as thoughtful as it is sympathetic; and they should cause all who read the book to feel as strongly as the author does."

HARRAP BOOKS

a commercial adventure, nor do high-minded and windy words like "service" and "the community" form themselves readily on his lips. Clearly he loves his profession, but he loves life more; if it is a question of joining Norman Douglas on a Calabrian walking tour he is quite ready to hand things over to an assistant, and once, before the war, when he and his partner fell in love with the same person, rather than risk their friendship he cheerfully abandoned a promising little business. In a century of hustle there is something appealing about this refusal to be hustled; at a time when ambition is unquestioningly respected and courted by so many tight-faced votaries, it is pleasant to come across a saunterer.

A saunterer in life, he is also a saunterer in letters. His narrative flows down one page and over to the next, with, it seems, a minimum of propulsion from the narrator. The style, like the man, is natural and candid, completely at ease in any company. Reading these happy pages, one almost concludes that, if you know how to live, you will also know how to write. The best of his book, as so often happens with autobiographies, is the first half, which recounts his childhood in the small Italian town of Alfonsine, near Bologna, and the varied adventures that befell him before he stumbled on his true calling. His opening chapters evoke the richly communal life of provincial Italy, in which your own business is everybody's business and few secrets are successfully kept, so that tolerance is seen to be hardly a virtue, but a necessity. Wonderful characters, infinitely tempting to the novelist, stroll in and out of the narrative; and when the young Orioli migrates, first to Florence, then to Paris, then to London, he continues to encounter, and to describe with zest, a multitudinous pageant of eccentrics. The London chapters are the most fascinating of all; he came to England almost penniless and supported himself by a characteristic variety of odd jobs. One night he sang "O Sole Mio" in the streets, and got ten shillings from an Englishwoman with a sentimental feeling for Italy; another night he was the back part of a cow in an Alhambra ballet; he became *claqueur*, Covent Garden porter, umbrella-mender.

He knew periods of "downright destitution," but always someone helped him: once it was a very sea-sick Sicilian bishop whom he had befriended on the boat. He gave Italian lessons, and these proved the portal to suburban society, of which he gives a delicious sketch; at last, in the company of Cambridge undergraduates and dons, he began to sight his true *métier*. He set up shop, first in London, then in Florence. There were vicissitudes; there was the war, during which he undertook some peculiar tasks for the Italian Government in London, the strangest of them being the personal convoy of a huge barrel containing a Royal present to the Quirinal at Rome. But once he has established his celebrated bookshop on the Lungarno, the story, though it remains as palatable as ever, loses something of its easy forward impulse: the goal is reached. True, the bookshop flowered into a modest but distinguished publishing venture, with authors like Lawrence, Huxley and Norman Douglas; but it is one of the charms of Signor Orioli's book that it does not in the least depend upon celebrities for its interest. What he has to say, for example, about Lawrence is interesting enough ("in matters of business he was more troublesome than anyone I have ever dealt with . . . incurably distrustful of your motives and of everybody else's"). But the people one remembers best after closing his book are not the great, but the obscure: the fat proprietor who placed outside his inn at Acquapendente the notice, "Five o'clock tea at every hour of the day"; the English baronet who always took with him on his holidays in France "two sirloins of beef cooked in his own house, enough bacon for several breakfasts, and a case of special champagne"; or the infinitely pathetic Signor Penelo. This was a pompous old gentleman of Alfonsine who had lost all his money and, in the hope of recovering some of it, opened a little café just by the school; but as he was too poor to keep anything in stock but "thin coffee and a handful of biscuits in a glass jar," no one patronised this tragic café except young Orioli and his schoolfellows. With the careless cruelty of childhood, they would demand vermouth or raspberry syrup, and Signor Penelo, unfailingly dignified and polite, would reply: "Vermouth? Vermouth? I am sorry to say I have run out of it at this moment," or "Raspberry syrup? So sorry to disoblige you! I am expecting a fresh supply of it to-morrow."

Signor Orioli, good innkeeper that he is, pays no less attention to this shabby nonentity than to the celebrity whose luggage is plastered with cosmopolitan labels.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

NEW NOVELS

The Larger View. By BENJAMIN KAVERIN. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Rebecca. By DAPHNE DU MAURIER. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
Through the Ark. By OLGA MARTIN. *Obelisk Press.* 30 *Frs.*
Chaos. By SHAW DESMOND. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Russian novel still suffers for the sins (or virtues) of Communist literary critics. The school of criticism that used to delight the readers of International Quarterlies with its cruel dissection of Proust or Edgar Wallace, and its biting analyses of *The Faerie Queene*, is now nearly as dead as Aristotle and quite as dead as Carlyle. But its brilliant if erratic scapel-work has not been wholly without effect; and by a just paradox it is to Soviet writings that this sort of criticism is generally applied. The Russian novelist is, rightly or wrongly, regarded as the mouthpiece of his social system; and the bourgeois reviewer tends to examine his work with the keen and expectant scrutiny of a Stalinist publisher's reader.

Regarded purely as literary entertainment, *The Larger View* is a brilliantly satisfying piece of work. Mr. Kaverin was a protégé of Maxim Gorki, and it is possible to trace that writer's influence in his delicate handling of personal relationships that makes sentiment from what might have been sentimentality. But the author's nearest literary ancestor is probably Chehov, and he sketches the odd old people of an earlier Russia with a gentle satire reminiscent of *The Diary of a Provincial:*

> He spoke very rarely, and then only on very important occasions which were none too frequent in his life. On one occasion, given in honour of one of the oldest assembly workers who was being awarded the title of "hero of labour," he had suddenly risen with a glass in his hand and said very loudly: "Dear Piotr Petrovitch," and when everyone stood spellbound in astonishment he had shouted "Hurray!" and taken his seat.

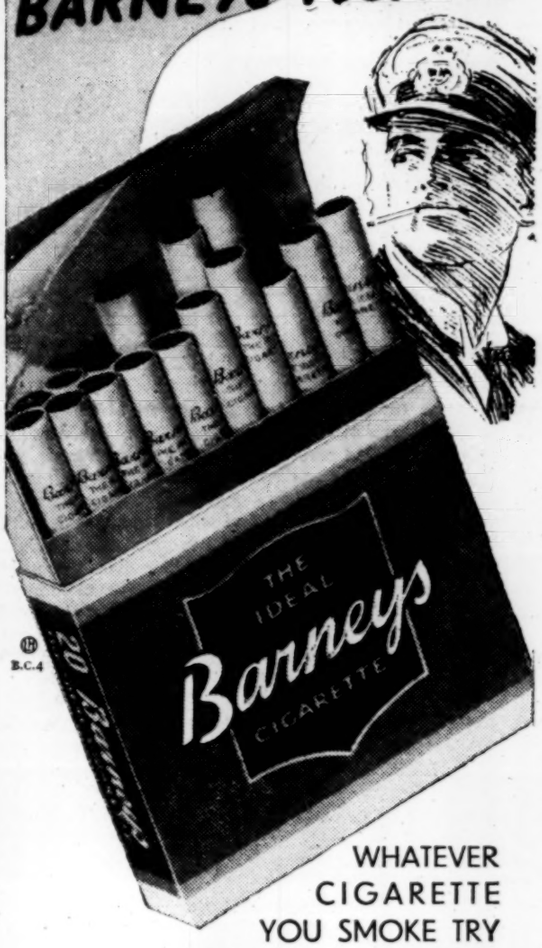
But most of Mr. Kaverin's characters belong to the new generation who remember the Revolution almost as part of their infantile Unconscious, who are as articulate as students and as determined as Jesuit seminarists.

The highly complex plot of *The Larger View* is centred round Trubachevsky, a young history student, and the conflict between his romantic day-dreams of personal glory and the social duty to which his environment calls him. As secretary to a great historian, Trubachevsky has access to a collection of priceless manuscripts, including a cryptogram poem by Pushkin; and instead of remembering his work for the community, his real ambition is to gain academic glory as the discoverer of new Pushkiniana. Opposed to him is Nevorozhin, an unrepentant individualist of a clever and determined order, who wishes to steal the manuscripts and escape from the Socialist Whipsnade to the joyous jungle of the capitalist world. How Trubachevsky is duped by Nevorozhin, how the papers are stolen, and how Trubachevsky is finally rescued and redeemed, while Nevorozhin walks off between two Secret Policemen, makes a vigorous and exciting tale. But, as an American critic has already said: "*The Larger View* is an adventure story in about the same sense in which *The Brothers Karamazov* has been described as a detective story."

For all its subtle characterisation and analysis of motive and emotion, *The Larger View* is propaganda against individuality. The wicked Nevorozhin is not made a criminal or a person of malicious intentions, but is regarded simply as a different and dangerous animal. No social reason is given and no personal excuse is allowed for his behaviour; he is just an irreconcilable taking the only way out. Into all his other characters the author has a sympathetic insight, but with Nevorozhin he goes no farther than description of his hopes and fears, without really enquiring into the goal of one or the object of the other. We see Nevorozhin visiting Bars—places with shaded lamps, black-tied waiters, and an aura of Western wickedness; we hear of his cruelty to dogs, his lusts, and his loneliness. We are sorry for him from the bottom of our hearts and the heights of our superiority, and shake our heads sadly to see him, a beast with incurable rabies, led off to his pitiful and anonymous doom. Trubachevsky was weak and can still be cured:

> But I know that if it were not for this new meaning, this profound unshakable truth which all real people live by . . . I would have continued to live a petty, complacent and insignificant life. . . . And because it exists I cannot now betray it and live only for myself. You cannot escape it through books or by locking yourself in an archive. This truth, which has become a force in the world and will become a still greater one, is our Revolution. . . .

A CIGARETTE AS GOOD AS BARNEYS TOBACCO



B.C.4

WHATEVER CIGARETTE YOU SMOKE TRY THIS NEW VIRGINIA

To claim for a new Cigarette that it is as good as Barneys Tobacco sets its handicap very high, for Barneys is one of the outstanding pipe-tobaccos of the World.

This new Barneys Cigarette is in the same class as Barneys Tobacco . . . a quality product, inexpensive in price . . . smooth, cool and really satisfying, sure indications of fine Virginia leaf and skilful blending.

In addition to all these qualities, Barneys Virginia has an *individuality* of flavour, and a character worthy of its great tradition.

BARNEYS

THE IDEAL CIGARETTE

Made by John 20 for 1/- *Sinclair Ltd.*

(M4) EF

Sporting Tweeds for men

Otterburn Tweeds are distinctive. They look good on sight and the choice of designs runs through the whole scale with styles to suit all—from the outdoor man's quiet taste to something approaching the outspoken, "audible" sporting note.

Otterburn Tweeds have made their enviable name on the back of country and "county" atmosphere and conscientious making from pure wool—straight from the sheep's back. All who know these cloths from the Border Hills will agree it is not unreasonable to suggest that no Englishman's wardrobe is complete if it lacks a Tweed outfit in Otterburn materials.

Otterburn MEN'S Tweeds

The full range of this season's patterns will gladly be sent on request. After finding a pattern to your liking, let your tailor have it—and if he does not already stock Otterburn Tweeds, he can get what you want, from the Mill, easily and quickly. There are special facilities for the supply of cut lengths to Tailors.

OTTERBURN MILL LTD.
Otterburn-in-Redesdale, Northumberland

TWO VITAL BOOKS

THE OUTLOOK OF SCIENCE:
MODERN MATERIALISM
By R. L. WORRALL, M.B., Ch.M.
Reduced Price 5/- net, postage 6d.

"This useful and provocative work." *Nature.*
"Renders good service to the cause of scientific truth by taking to task the British school of philosophical idealists amongst the scientists." *Aslib.*

A NEW POLITICAL HANDBOOK
Giving Valuable Information also Short Biographies of Leading Personalities.

WHAT'S WHAT AND WHO'S WHO
IN SOME WORLD AFFAIRS
By J. A. SINCLAIR POOLEY. Foreword by Vernon Bartlett.
5/- net, postage 6d.

JOHN BALE, SONS & CURNOW, Ltd., 83 91, Gt. Titchfield St., W.1

Very true. But Pushkin might have had more sympathy with Nevorozhin.

If Mr. Kaverin is Communist in implication, *Rebecca* is bourgeois *in excelsis*. From the moment the poor little country mouse who is the first person of the story marries the sombre Maxim and comes to live amongst the bats of his magnificent mullion-windowed belfry, Miss du Maurier spares no expense of spirit, but does things on a wholly *de luxe* scale. Everything—great, low cars, tortuous passions, priceless antiques, ominous housekeepers, even a fatal white dress and some peculiarities of syntax—is here; the set-up, in fact, is the tops. But through it all the author maintains the mild, inoffensive, feature-reporting that passes to-day for realism, and seems the talisman to a best-selling success. She has mastered the difficult art of making dark and terrible happenings seem superficially probable without becoming unpleasantly convincing; she can produce a Royal Academy "Thunderstorm" or a War Memorial corpse.

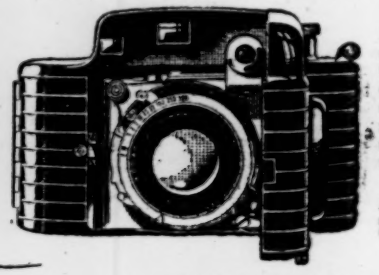
In some respects, *Rebecca* is a very entertaining book. Readers of Miss du Maurier's *Gerald* will remember the easy intimacy of her style, while she possesses a gift for lightning character sketch which is none the less admirable for being a little commonplace. Only her more ambitious moments really betray her, and we can believe in almost all of her figures save the two protagonists. The author is clearly a natural writer; and although one may resent her clichés ("'I'd forgotten,' said Maxim, and his voice was slow now, tired, without expression, 'that when you shot a person there was so much blood,'") her book goes with the smooth speed (and through the restfully unvaried landscape) of an Underground train. As one leaves (or rather meets, for *Rebecca* is one of those books whose end comes at the beginning) Maxim and the unnamed heroine sitting quietly in a foreign hotel reading about Middlesex batting on a dry wicket at the Oval, one wishes that Miss du Maurier had twice the ambition, and some of our literary artists half her craftsmanship.

Through the Ark is at once an allegory of the modern world and a satire of the social system. Longinus, the Giraffe, with his gentle tolerance and all-seeing eye (does his name, perhaps, have an association of decaying Classicism?) finds himself on board the Ark, with its suave, impersonal captain, mad helmsman, and quarrelsome, likeable, intensely irritating passengers. Longinus is a timid and well-meaning beast, and for a time is patronised by the Flamingo Social Service Committee, the Religious Penguins, the Tiger and his Stalwarts, the Egodians, and many other of the strange groups that argue and chatter about the Ark. In the end, tired of them all, he slips away from the doomed ship into the freedom of the woods. Mrs. Martin can display a pretty wit, and makes quiet fun of several distinguished theories: "But to return to our theory: the Sacred Miseries hold (and they may be right) that there is an ultimate rock on which the Ark will split. A metaphysical rock. It will not happen by chance, by mistakes such as the helmsman might make (as like as not he will run us into several and delay the Doom while the Ark is patched up to continue her journey), but by design, by the improbable imbecility of our cosmos. The design of the cosmos *is* imbecile, it is demonstrable. Look at sex. (Longinus shut his eyes.) Look at the weather." Like many satirists (notably Mr. Rex Warner in his *Wild-Goose Chase*), Mrs. Martin weakens her case by making her targets too sympathetic. The poor fascist Tiger, with his drunken misfortunes and sincere self-pity, won my sympathy to an altogether undesirable extent, and none of the animals were nearly as unpleasant as their prototypes. There is one question I should like to ask the author: Where is the cool, hopeful wood to which Longinus escapes? And how did he prevent most of his nastier fellow-passengers from coming with him?

Chaos, appropriately published on August 4th, is a terrible prophecy of the next war. One peaceful afternoon in the 1940's, bombs rain down on Trafalgar Square, and the fun begins. Deadly space-ships range through the stratosphere, frightful gases (including the awful Genital Gas) choke the streets with dead, and almost everyone, save the hero and a large body of friends, meet appalling but highly scientific deaths. And what is the message of all this? Why, that we should keep clear of Continental Entanglements. For silly old Britain had allied herself with Russia, and the Reds, disguised as Germans, had dropped the first bombs on their ally to drag her into war. If you like vivid descriptions of blood-crazy mobs sacking the Athenaeum, or Communists pulling sub-machine guns from their trouser legs to shoot up Pacifist meetings, then *Chaos* is the book for you. Unfortunately, Mr. Desmond is not my Satan. JOHN MAIR

Multum in Bantam

The Kodak Bantam Special is as different as it looks. It gives a picture rather larger than the normal 'miniature'; and it takes 8 black-and-white or 8 'Kodachrome' colour at a loading, against the usual 36 and 18. (This prevents wastage of film—a great point with colour.) But that's only the beginning. Kodak have equipped the Bantam Special with an extreme-aperture lens built to an important new formula, a coupled range-and-focus-finder, a nine-speed shutter, etc. Yet the Bantam Special costs this side of £30. Ask any dealer specialising in high-grade cameras for an explanatory folder "Small Cameras—Great Pictures" or write to Mr. N. S. Taylor, Dept. 57, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. *Tel.: Holborn* 7841.



F 2 Kodak 'Ektar' 45 mm. Anastigmat lens. Compur-Rapid shutter (speeds 1 sec. to 1/500th sec.). Coupled range-finder. Focussing down to 3ft. Price (with ever-ready carrying-case) **£28 . 10 . 0**

Deferred terms available under Kodak's new 'Credit Account' plan.

KODAK

Bantam Special

THE RIGHT FILMS. The correct general-purpose film for small-picture cameras is Kodak's high-resolution '*Panatomic*'—a fast, panchromatic film; sensitive to minimal tone-differences; micro-grained, allowing unrestricted enlargement for Exhibition work, etc. When extremely high film-speed is needed, use Kodak *Super X* (31°); and for superlative colour transparencies, '*Kodachrome*.'

THE FIGHT TO LIVE

The Fight to Live. By RAYMOND L. DITMARS. *Lovat Dickson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Raymond L. Ditmars has spent the greater part of his life as Curator of Mammals and Reptiles in the New York Zoological Park. He is in the front rank of natural history scribes, and in his new book, *The Fight to Live*, is as informative and entertaining as ever. Within 227 well-illustrated pages, the author traces the struggle for existence as it presents itself to-day throughout the entire animal world with man at the top and the amoeba at the bottom. The person enjoying a "competence" may flatter himself that he is a mere spectator of the battle of life. Mr. Ditmars quickly undeceives such fatuous optimists. Germs of innumerable diseases are secretly waiting their chance to assail the complacent well-nourished body, and the independent gentleman's immunity hangs but upon a thread. In the fourteenth century plague wiped out over twenty-five million Europeans, whilst the post-war epidemic known as "Spanish flu" was responsible for more deaths than was the Great War. The author points out how much medical science has done to improve matters, but also shows the too self-satisfied that the battle is by no means won.

Wild animals are in an immensely worse case than civilised man, and the layman will be tempted to wonder how so many survive. The book is indeed largely an account of Nature's "armament race," the whole story of evolution being one long piling up of weapons to meet their owner's various requirements. In this connection it is interesting to trace the adoption of similar weapons by totally dissimilar animals. Spines are popular amongst mammals such as the Porcupine, Hedgehog, Tenrec and Echidna. So also are they in all kinds of reptiles, fish, crustaceans, insects, molluscs, and starfish-like animals. Birds alone seem to have ignored these simple means of offence.

It will be news to many how, not only the cuttlefish, but various sea slugs, and even worms, can eject smoke screens. Some of the weapons used by animals in warfare are indeed surprising, and one wonders modern frightfulness has not borrowed the idea

from certain soldier white ants which, instead of conforming to the human practice of belching liquid fire, spray their antagonists with a fluid which solidifies on exposure to air so that the assailant is for all practical purposes petrified—a veritable Lot's wife. An interesting section deals with the disciplined warfare in which the redoubtable driver ant figures prominently. The author once attempted to check, by stamping it out, an army of these ants marching in close ranks through the jungle. Before he had annihilated half a platoon he was glad to take cover in a pool of stagnant water.

The author is particularly at home amongst reptiles, and the book is full of first-hand information regarding these animals, which still fascinate as well as repel the ordinary man. The subject of immunity to snake-bite is dealt with in some detail. Camouflage and the protection of young figure quite as much as armature in the fight for life. There is an interesting account of the alligator's nest, which consists of scraping together forest debris to form a mound ten feet in diameter by a yard high. A strange parallel to this is offered by the mound-building brush turkey of Australia. The communal mound built by these birds reaches a height of 12 feet with a circumference of 150 feet.

E. G. BOULENGER

Oxon: Shell Guide. By JOHN PIPER. *Batsford.* 2s. 6d.

West Coast of Scotland: Shell Guide. By STEPHEN BONE. *Batsford.* 2s. 6d.

Those who know Mr. John Piper's witty drawings of architectural subjects will not be surprised to find his guide uncommonly entertaining as well as useful. He introduces us to little known but very starworthy sights like Chiselhampton Church, Sherburn Castle, the Hook Norton Font, and the dilapidated beauties of Wheatfield. Miss Myfanwy Evans writes of Deserted Places, and Mrs. Esdaile catalogues the monuments and parks in which Oxfordshire is particularly rich. In his gazetteer, Mr. Piper is justly severe alike upon the jerrybuilder's vandalism and the preciosity of the Artycrafty. Asthall, Bampton, Brightwell Baldwin, Charlton-on-Otmoor, Epwell, Great Haseley, Northmoor, Rollright, Rycote, Shorthampton, Spelsbury, Stonesfield and Widford are among the villages of which he writes with infectious admiration. Except for the inadequate appreciation of Blenheim, this guide is altogether laudable. (Oxford itself has been omitted—it requires, and we hope will be given, a Shell Guide of its own.)

Mr. Stephen Bone writes excellently of the West Highlands from Skye to Oban. The poverty of architecture in this district makes the Guide inevitably different from the others in this remarkable series, but anyone who has been to Appin, Arisaig or Skye will agree that this coast is unsurpassed in beauty. Mr. Bone describes the unemployment and devastation inflicted upon the district in recent times; millions of acres of agricultural land have been sterilised for the benefit of deer-stalking. "This country once supported a considerable population. To-day, outside a few small areas, it is practically uninhabited. Soon, unless a change occurs, it will be quite uninhabited: the Highlander will be extinct." This guide includes seventeen full-page photographs which have been printed in a peculiarly horrible shade of puce. Perhaps this is supposed to provide comic relief. The value of these guides would be doubled if they included reports upon the best inns compiled with the discrimination that marks the French *Guide Michelin.*

In the East My Pleasure Lies. By THEODORA BENSON. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.

Many people may throw this book out of the window after reading the first chapter. In a sense they will be right, as the faults of the beginning persist, even if diluted, throughout the book, and the reader is always vacillating between admiration and repulsion. Miss Benson is amazingly competent; she combines professional skill and control with a disingenuous dilettante manner. In this account of her visit to the Dutch East Indies she mixes cleverly ethnological information, historical anecdotes and straightforward description with a nicely judged spicing of autobiography. Some of her stories are very good, in particular *The White Sea Monkey*, which is unforgettable, and at no point can she be said to be dull. She realises very accurately the dramatic superiority of concrete details to generalisations about atmosphere, and she does transmit her own enjoyment of travelling. But at best she produces a good coloured photograph. Her vividness is often vulgar, and she abuses her own natural facility for writing by several irritating tricks, such as an over-colloquial Gertrude Stein syntax, but without Gertrude Stein's occasional bull's eyes, and a rather arch use of words like "lovely," "pretty" and "nice" in the nursery sense. The material of her book is well chosen and agreeable; it would be very readable but for these faults of expression and her habit of exploiting her own personality and sex. There are many good illustrations.

The History of St. Louis. By SIRE JEAN DE JOINVILLE. Translated by JOAN EVANS. *Oxford.* 8s. 6d.

Joinville in this new translation is certain to please old friends and will doubtless make many new ones. Writing between 1272 and 1309 he was one of the first masters of autobiography. For although ostensibly a biography of his friend and companion, Louis IX, on the unfortunate Crusade of 1248–54 in Egypt and Palestine, these memoirs were actually based upon some early autobiographical writing in which Louis is merely a secondary figure; the story of the King's later years was largely plagiarised, in the happy-go-lucky medieval manner, from two other popular accounts. Yet Joinville does not thrust himself forward in his narrative or strut in the modern manner. Nothing could be farther from his mood than boasting. He tells of his friends' valour, not of his own, and when his story must describe an episode when men "took to flight most shamefully," a natural and unassuming charity constrains him to add that he could give their names "but forbear, for they be dead." The self-portrait thus emerging is one of a simple, serious and unpretentious gentleman, his imagination somewhat fettered by the code of his class, not very clever but capable of great loyalty, conventionally devout but having his feet planted firmly on earth. He was not made of the same ethereal stuff as the King, and he knew it. Once when he and his company were surrounded by the Saracens a servant advised that they let themselves be killed, "for then we should all go hence to Paradise." "But," says Joinville, "we took no heed of him." And when Louis sought to persuade him to accompany him on the fatally tragic Crusade of 1267 to Tunis, Joinville refused on the score of the duty that he owed his people. In its sad restraint this is perhaps the most moving chapter in the book. The whole story of the earlier Crusade, in which he took part, was a stirring one. As the translator observes, "if we can read Lawrence we can probably read Joinville." Her translation conveys as finely as possible the grave and sober directness of the original, and the introduction and the notes make all difficulties clear.

Letters from the Sandwich Islands. By MARK TWAIN *Oxford.* 14s.

The Innocent went abroad and sailed to Honolulu; he had never lectured and had never yet written a book. Twain went as correspondent of the Sacramento *Union*, and the visit became his most popular lecture, while the letters were submerged by the success that followed them. They make hilarious reading; the subject suited the pen, and "the Sunday land, the land of indolence and dreams" is brought into a sharp relief that the more mature Twain would have polished away. His sense of burlesque flows spontaneously, and much later extracts were taken wholesale for "Roughing It"; it is stimulated immediately by the Hawaiian Parliament, which notably included an American Tartuffe as Minister of Finance, an English doctor as Minister of the Interior, a French Foreign Minister, and the whole presided over by H.R.H.

Even if you own a 'Good Companion' typewriter, you may be tempted to play tennis instead of staying indoors writing. But at least you will be able to clear it up quickly afterwards.

Imperial 'Good Companion'

The 'Good Companion' is an all-British portable typewriter with all the essentials of a standard model.

The dependable portable typewriter. Price 10 Guineas

From typewriter dealers and stationers

For the modern office—the Imperial Model 50

Post this coupon for interesting literature

NAME AND ADDRESS

N.S. *Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd., Leicester*

USE A TYPEWRITER MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

M. Kekuanaoa, the King's father, a gentleman of some eighty years, of calm and stately dignity, and in his youth an idol-worshipping warrior of repute. Any European on these islands must essentially be a whaling captain, a preacher, or a Secretary of State.

While Twain was there, the Heir Presumptive, Princess Victoria Kaahumanu, died, the funeral orgies were sustained for three weeks, and might be witnessed by no white man, except on their last day. These had been reinstated by the Lord Bishop of Honolulu, The Very Revd. Mr. Staley, Head of the Royal Hawaiian Established Reformed Church, who also reintroduced the lascivious hula-hula and nude mixed bathing, undoing all the efforts of the Puritan missionaries. There is stiff rivalry between Bishop and missionaries, with a hard-working French R.C. mission, complete with Rt. Rev. Lord Bish, to put them both to shame. Mr. Norman Douglas has missed his island.

Over the North Pole. By GEORGE BAIDUKOV. *Harrap.* 5s.

George Baidukov was the specialist in blind flying of the three Soviet aviators who flew the Ant-25 across the North Pole to the United States. He has written a straightforward personal story of that flight which makes good reading even for anyone who is not particularly interested in pioneering aviation. Vihjalmur Stefansson contributes a preface on the social, commercial and geographical significance of the flight. "Upon a monument built to them might well be engraved: 'They found the world of transportation a cylinder; they left it a sphere.'" Baidukov says little or nothing about the purpose of the flight; to him it is a record-breaking adventure mixed with a patriotic duty. He shows a schoolboyish sensual delight in his machine and his power over it. He is amiably downright about things which do not interest him. "But, in spite of what I am writing, to the airman the Pole doesn't really mean a damned thing. We have passed over it, and that is that." He is amused by Sasha's excited absorption in his direction-finding apparatus, but is tolerant about it. For him the only things that matter are ice forming on the wings and propeller, and the height of the petrol gauge.

> "At 6.30 the 'plane imperceptibly slips into the clouds and blind flying begins. I slowly take on altitude, occasionally stretching my hand out through the window to feel the prick of the hail-stones. It couldn't be better. Checking the petrol-level, I turn off the lights in my cabin, and all the instruments glow with fantastic beauty from the phosphorescent figures on their dials. They seem alive, so swiftly accurately does each instrument display its specialised art of recording everything that is happening inside the 'plane and outside."

Baidukov's naïveté makes him a first-class reporter. This little book is valuable not only as the record of an achievement, but also as an excellent piece of writing.

Week-end Competitions

No. 441

Set by V. Sackville-West

Certain daily papers make a popular feature of "poems" printed as though they were prose. The name of the late Wilhelmina Stitch need scarcely be recalled. A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for a "poem" of not more than 200 words, based on these models. Poems may be sentimental, humorous, uplifting; "Always trust a man who smokes a pipe" or "the old folks at the chimney corner" gives the genre. Competitors may choose any subject, but they would perhaps find inspiration in some extract which has appeared in *This England* during the last month.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, August 26th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 439

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea are offered for a sonnet entitled Pelion On Ossa, to be written substantially in journalese.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

Some of the best answers in these competitions are the result of a misunderstanding of the problem set. I thought it was clear that I wanted a sonnet in journalese and not a sonnet on journalistic habits. But the majority of competitors made a kind of club sandwich of the *Express* headlines, instead of distilling, as I hoped they would, some of that lovely flat beverage of dead cultural allusion and convenience which Fowler bottled from the *Times* leaders. I looked for old friends. But not once were the Ides of March or Scylla and Charybdis mentioned. No one cleansed Augean stables, crossed the Rubicon or nipped anything in the bud. The omelette that can be made only by breaking eggs (see every political article on Russia) and the murder of the goose that lays the golden egg (see the leaders on the increase of Income Tax) were neglected. So were *ad hoc* and *status quo*, very rhymeable phrases. Indeed the only tag came from Colyn. His *Cui Bono?* was a voice from the past. For that is the real point of my disappointment. The new dialect of Hickey, as he says, is ousting the dignified journalese of Eatanswill which put one into an agreeable cultural coma:

> "Great Heavens, to think my son will never see
> Pelion on Ossa raised that lofty pile."

Colyn is unnecessarily pessimistic. I am sure this paper would, if pressed, admit a soft impeachment or two.

I can imagine a Fowler might refuse the dignity of journalese to the hyphenated headlines of Mrs. Alice Herbert's sonnet, but only on traditional grounds:

> "No reason is assigned for the rash act
> That now transpires when Multi-millionaire
> Death-Jumps on News of Son's Wife Suicide Pact
> From Paris-Croydon. Mother clutches Hair.
> Son of deceased describes him as depressed
> By death of greyhound thirteen years ago. . . ."

Journalese, I can hear Fowler arguing—or can't I?—does not arrest or startle; that is slang or jargon. True journalese has no originality; it is essentially secondhand. Lynn Dale's adjectives have it in:

> "Stark tragedy has reared its ugly head
> Above the hallowed quiet of this town."

And so more brazenly has Mr. E. W. Fordham's

> "We venture to assert that there has been
> No more amazing, we might well nigh say . . ."

And "a stark objective fact" is pure *Daily Worker*. There were one or two reports of the Pelion on Ossa affair itself, but these were allegations about the methods of classical journalism and not journalese. It seemed to me I ought to choose the prize-winners from the old and new schools; so Colyn's lament has the first prize because a glut of political reading has given me a taste for Eatanswill. And R. S. Jaffray has the second, less for his journalese than for piling a very pretty Pelion on his Ossa, and for being a representative of the majority. There is nothing democratic about editing.

FIRST PRIZE
PELION ON OSSA

(A sonnet expressing the author's regret on the gradual supersession of the old and dignified Eatanswill journalese by the Hickeyite and similar dialects.)

> The sinister machinations are no more
> And all protagonists will soon be dead

THE BEST LIBRARY
THE TIMES BOOK CLUB
Books in hand need not be returned
until a new supply is delivered.
The subscriber, therefore, is
NEVER WITHOUT A BOOK
Write for the Prospectus
THE TIMES BOOK CLUB, 42, Wigmore St., London, W.1

EMPIRE
A Monthly Record
No. 4 now out
The Cawnpore Strikes — The Struggle Shifts to Burma — Jamaica Wind still Blows — Cloves and Monopoly in Zanzibar.
3d. monthly. 12 months, 3/6 post paid.
15 SOUTH HILL PARK GARDENS, LONDON, N.W.3

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Lot's Wife. Mon., Thurs.

AMBASSADORS. Spring Meeting Wed., Fri.

APOLLO. Idiot's Delight. Tues. & Thurs.

COLISEUM. Varieties. Sats., 2.30

DUCHESS. Glorious Morning. Wed., Thurs.

GLOBE. "Robert's Wife." Wed. and Sat.

HIPPODROME. Fleet's Lit Up. Th. & Sat.

ST. JAMES'. Golden Boy. Wed., & Thurs.

ST. MARTIN'S. Last Train South. Tu., Fri.

STRAND. Banana Ridge. Thurs. & Sat.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. (Tem.6404.) Evgs., 8.30. Mon., Th., 2.30
LOT'S WIFE by Peter Blackmore.
NORA SWINBURNE. J. H. ROBERTS.
"Laughter in every line."—*Daily Herald.*

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wednesdays & Fridays, 2.30
"SPRING MEETING"
A Light Comedy by M. J. Farrell and John Perry.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) 8.30. Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
IDIOT'S DELIGHT
by Robert E. Sherwood
RAYMOND MASSEY TAMARA GEVA

DUCHESS, Catherine St., W.C.2. Tem. 8243.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
GLORIOUS MORNING
by NORMAN MACOWAN.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
FRANCES DAY, STANLEY LUPINO
ADELE DIXON, RALPH READER
in **THE FLEET'S LIT UP**

ST. JAMES'. Whi. 3903. 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
GOLDEN BOY
by CLIFFORD ODETS.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Tem. 1443.) 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
FLORA ROBSON in
LAST TRAIN SOUTH
A BASIL DEAN PRODUCTION.

STRAND. Tem. 2660. Evgs. 8.30. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30
ROBERTSON HARE & ALFRED DRAYTON in
BANANA RIDGE
by Ben Travers.

UNITY. (Eus. 5391.)
Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8.30.
PLANT IN THE SUN
Until September 4th only
Doors open 7.30. Book now: 1/- to 3/6. Members only.
Unity Theatre, Goldington St., N.W.1.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic 1317.) Nightly, 6.20 & 9.
LUPINO LANE
TEDDY ST. DENIS & GEORGE GRAVES
ME AND MY GIRL
THE HOME OF "THE LAMBETH WALK."

WYNDHAM'S, 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN, MARIE NEY, ANN TODD,
DOROTHY HYSON, ESME PERCY, ALAN WEBB
in **SHE TOO WAS YOUNG**
by Hilda Vaughan and Laurier Lister. (Tem. 3028.)

CLEAR THAT COLD WITH VAPEX

A summer cold is dangerous because it destroys the vitality you should be building up for the coming winter. Get rid of it quickly with Vapex. Breathe the pleasant, refreshing vapour which penetrates to the innermost passages of nose and throat, easing the breathing, relieving any headache or stuffiness and killing the germs at their source. Vapex is perfectly safe for children—guaranteed free from ephedrine or any narcotic.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V134 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

VARIETY ENTERTAINMENTS

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem 3161.
TWICE NIGHTLY, 6.25 and 9. Mats., Sats., 2.30.
VARIETIES
PROGRAMME CHANGED WEEKLY. Prices 1/3 to 7/6.

"SMALLS" RATES

3d. a word * for single insertions.

4d. for words in CAPS (except the first). Lines in Caps 1/9.

Series Discounts: 5% for 3 insertions; 10% for 13 insertions; 15% for 26 and 20% for 52.

Minimum Twelve Words.

Box Numbers—1/- extra. This charge includes forwarding replies.

Box Number replies should be addressed "Box No. . . . c/o New Statesman and Nation, 10 Great Turnstile, Holborn, W.C.1."

All small advertisements must be prepaid and copy should arrive by TUESDAY. Please write on ONE SIDE OF PAPER.

Holiday Suggestions — Special cheap rate on application.

* ONE WORD. Place names, *e.g.*, St. Albans. Ashton-under-Lyne. Golders Green. 'Phone numbers, *e.g.*, HOL. 3216. 'Phone 2414, Groups of five letters or figures, *e.g.*, Y.M.C.A. or S.W.18, etc. TWO WORDS: Number and name of street, *e.g.*, 24 St. George's Street, 24 Broadway.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1.

FISHING

FLY-FISHING. Milton Loch, Galloway. Trout average 1-3 lbs. Boats (2 rods), 10s. per day. Apply GALLOWAY ARMS HOTEL, Crocketford, By Dumfries.

CONCERTS

QUEEN'S HALL
B.B.C. PROMENADE CONCERTS
NIGHTLY at 8 UNTIL OCT. 1st.
SIR HENRY J. WOOD
B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Tickets, 2/-, 3/-, 5/-, 6/- and 7/6 at
B.B.C. BROADCASTING HOUSE (Wel. 4468).
CHAPPELL'S, QUEEN'S HALL (Lan. 2823).

FILMS

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
Moscow on the Eve of Revolution.
"THE LAST NIGHT" (A)
Directed by Yu. Raizman.

BERKELEY, Berkeley St. May. 8505.
SON OF MONGOLIA (U)
Directed by Ilya Trauberg.
Also Vivien Leigh in "STORM IN A TEACUP" (A) and March of Time (U). 2/6, 3/6, 5/-, 8/6.

EVERYMAN (opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285
MONDAY, AUGUST 22nd, for SEVEN DAYS
PADEREWSKI in
MOONLIGHT SONATA (U)

REPERTORY THEATRES

BARN THEATRE, SHERE, SURREY.
Friday and Saturday, August 19th and 20th.
Evenings, 8.15. Matinee, Saturday, 2.30.
"THEY FLY BY TWILIGHT"
A drama of Cockney Life by PAUL DORNHORST.
Produced by EUSTON SALAMAN.
NOTE.—This production ENDS on Saturday, August 20th.
LAST PRODUCTION OF THE SEASON
August 29th for one week.
ROAD TO RUIN
Evenings, 8.15. Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.
A comedy with a moral by Thomas Holcroft, produced by Mary Balfour.
Entrance by Membership Ticket, obtainable free, in advance, from the Theatre.
(Tel.: Shere 245.)

HULL. Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m. **Little.**
"Storm in a Teacup"
James Bridie

RESTAURANTS

WHAT'S left of the right people and what's right of the left people all meet at RULES, Maiden Lane, for Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

GIVE your Sherry Party at The Book WINE RESTAURANT, facing British Museum, where you can also read "THE NEW STATESMAN" and take out a subscription. Mus. 6428.

PERSONAL

YOUNG lady seeks another to assist her in looking after middle-aged, semi-invalid gentleman, possibly going abroad. Box 2643.

VEGETARIAN, young lady, would like to meet another with view to sharing flat in autumn, London. Box 2600.

AUSTRIAN couple urgently seek employment, together or apart. Experienced nursery, kitchen, teaching, garden. Excellent English references. Box 2603.

WOULD anyone give old typewriter to encourage literary aspirant? Would greatly appreciate. Box 2635.

YOUNG man, cultured interests, desires share another's inexpensive country home. Box 2629.

YOUNG medical student, unexpectedly without income to continue studies, will drive by day or hour; theatre or touring. Luxury Vauxhall 20 saloon. Hax-man 0287, before noon.

RHEUMATISM. Try SPECIAL DIETARIES at Lady Margaret's, Doddington, Kent. Fees from 2 *gns.*

STAMMERING and SPEECH DEFECTS. A FREE LECTURE by W. A. Carot, the Eminent Specialist, explaining psychological causes and correct cure. Caxton Hall, Westminster, Wednesday, September 14th, at 7.30 p.m.

ANTHONY PANTING, photographer, of 5 Paddington Street, W.1, returns to London early September. Letters will be forwarded.

DETECTIVES. Divorce, Enquiries, etc. Terms moderate. Consultations free. UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES, 12 Henrietta Street, W.C.2. Tem. Bar 8594.

NUDIST GATHERINGS. Wednesdays and Fridays at West London gymnasium. Write, enclosing stamped envelope: SECRETARY, National Sun and Air Association, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Quick, cheap, lasting, harmless, as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write: CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251 Birmingham.

The idols of the market place are fled
(The pity of it !) to the Lethean shore
While in their place upon us now there pour
(Cui Bono ? as it has been often said)
From Uncle Sam by whom they first were bred
Magnetic personalities galore :
I hoped indeed—but it was not to be—
The logic of facts is stronger than our hopes
That Beaverbrook might spare some few poor tropes
But style's the man and so the man's the style.
Great Heavens, to think my son will never see
Pelion on Ossa raised that lofty pile !

COLYN

SECOND PRIZE

PELION ON OSSA

Ravishing blonde sets village by the ears :
Makes cash-abstracting bank clerk alter books.
Sunday-school teacher errs : scoutmaster's tears
Caused by proud beauty's devastating looks !
Romance mars happy home. Reporters find
Families put on dole by business crash :
Highly connected youth struck dumb and blind
Ends misery in local Lido splash.
Oddfellows' Outing funds involved in fall,
Goose club in liquidation, Brass Band mute.
Constabulary rushed to Parish Hall—
Rioting feared at Women's Institute.
Latter-day Helen under moral ban
Eludes pursuit in closed removal van.

R. S. JAFFRAY

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 294.—THE SIMIAN LEAGUE

"This year," said Orang, the Hon. Secretary of the Simian League, "the number of clubs in our League has been increased."

"More work for you," I said.

"Definitely. Each club in our League plays home and away matches with each of the others. So that this year the total of matches played is increased by a number equal to sixteen times the number of clubs added to the League."

I went into the question more closely, and made another interesting discovery : that the number of matches played last year, plus the number to be played this year, totalled four less than would have been played this year had yet one more club been added to the League.

How many clubs are there in the Simian League ?

PROBLEM 292.—DOTARDS' CLUB.

By J. E. WADEY

Composer's Solution.

Dodder's number is 29.

The numbers are 39, 43, 53, 61, 83, 97.

Gaffer lives at 53, and Dotard at 61.

Prime numbers above 10 must be of the form $6n \pm 1$. In order to include the digits 2, 5, 8 and 6 we must include 23 or 29, 53 or 59, 83 or 89, 61 and/or 67, i.e., three numbers of the form $6a - 1$ and one at least of the form $6a + 1$. Hence the remainder must be of the form $6a + 1$ and 43 must be one of them. It may easily be seen that the mean lies between 46 and 63, that is it must be 53, 59, or 61. There is no solution for a mean of 53. If the mean is 59 the home next door (61) must be one of the numbers. So it is 61. Of the three possible arrangements one contains 59 and another two pairs of numbers 8 apart. The remaining solution is given above.

PROBLEM 290.—POST MORTEM

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : F. H. Turner, Platane, Dover Road, Sandwich.

Eight points are awarded.

PROBLEM 291.—CALIBAN SQUARED

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : M. H. Reid, 12 Morford Way, Ruislip, Middlesex.

Six points are awarded.

CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

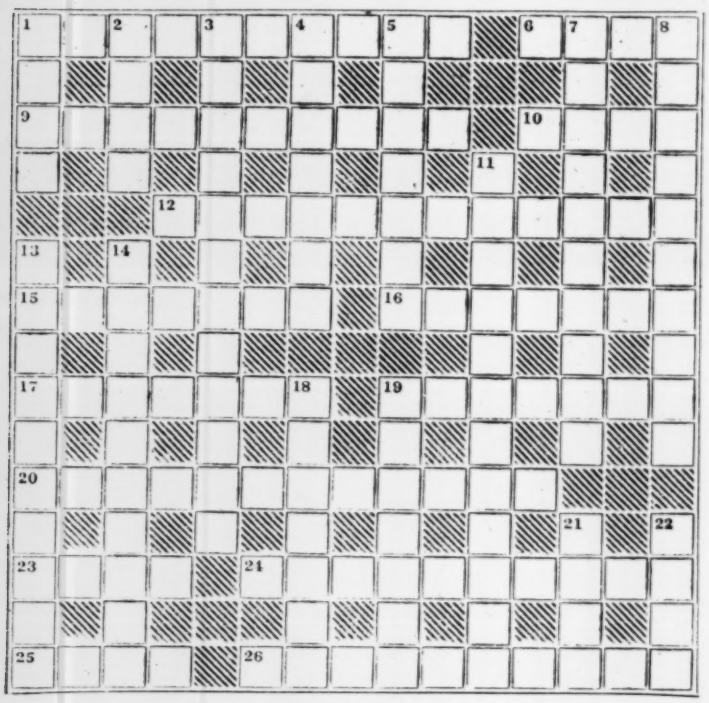
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 441

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. M. B. Youngman, Thorpe Hall, near Debenham, Suffolk

ACROSS.

1. Shoemakers' working period. (10)
6. So it got pickled. (4)
9. Its job on the Turf is most pressing. (10)
10. Actor who lived in a shoe ? (4)
12. They are not to be coveted. (12)
15. Marshalled for a dress parade perhaps (7)
16. Does he itch to be given a start ? (7)
17. Feminine of spear. (7)
19. How great-grandfather used to abstain ? (7)
20. Food one must expect to be shot ? (12)
23. Suffering can obviously only be avoided when father's out. (4)
24. Cerberus came into this category. (10)
25. Song of the returned Khan. (4)
26. Lack of feasibility of leisure hours. (10)

DOWN.

1. She might be a Tiger or a Madonna. (4)
2. They go up and down when you see them. (4)
3. Result of a good line in pigs ? (12)
4. Have a duel, lad, by way of variety. (7)
5. They facilitate the ins and outs of life. (7).
7. Maybe done properly perhaps. (10)
8. Hard boiled would appropriately describe this garment. (10)
11. I take Roman Law to be the clue to this tree. (12)
13. Pictures of promontories, undoubtedly. (10)
14. One way of giving arms. (10)
18. The age for Rugger. (7)
19. The pet dog swallowed the Jewish priest in the opera. (7)
21. One of the people Thackeray wrote a book about. (4)
22. Fair bit of ground for a jumper. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

N	O	S	E	B	A	G	S	■	F	O	X	C	U	B
E	■	E	■	R	■	O	■	■	V	■	H	■	A	
S	E	A	G	U	L	L	S	■	D	E	F	E	N	D
T	■	M	■	T	■	F	■	■	R	■	E	■	N	
E	L	E	G	A	N	C	E	■	O	C	T	R	O	I
D	■	W	■	L	■	O	■	H	■	O	■	I	■	G
■	■	■	■	■	L	U	N	A	R	M	O	N	T	H
A	■	O	■	A	■	R	■	R	E	■	G	■	T	
S	I	D	E	B	Y	S	I	D	E	■	■	■	■	
H	■	D	■	S	■	E	■	L	■	O	■	C	■	R
R	E	M	A	I	N	■	H	A	N	D	M	A	D	E
I	■	E	■	N	■	■	B	■	D	■	N	■	T	
D	E	N	O	T	E	■	H	O	G	M	A	N	A	Y
G	■	T	■	H	■	■	U	■	A	■	O	■	P	
E	A	S	T	E	R	■	O	R	D	N	A	N	C	E

Holiday Suggestions

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Great Russell St., W.C.1. Telephones in all bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9*s.* 6*d.* per night. Illustrated Booklet and Inclusive Terms on application.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5*s.* a night or 30*s.* weekly: with dinner 6*s.* 6*d.* a night or 35*s.* to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic. 7289.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3*d.* post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

TORQUAY. Howden Court. 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun Lounge. Private bath and sitting-rooms, meals served in latter or in dining-room as desired (no extra charge), also Service Flat in hotel. Ideal for people on leave. A.A. appointed. Tel. 280711.

SALISBURY
THE OLD MILL RESTAURANT AND HOTEL at West Harnham.
Large Countrified Bedrooms, and specially good new bathrooms.
Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for Meals.
Riding School and good horses for hacking.
Terms from 3½ *gns.* a week.
Apply PROPRIETOR.

ROSS-ON-WYE. Quiet, bracing, sunny situation. Excellent cuisine, separate tables. Vi-spring mattresses. Central for all parts Wye Valley. MISS MATTHEWS, Galen Lodge.

BUSTON MANOR, HUNTON ('phone 85174), Nr. Maidstone, Kent, for agreeable holidays among orchards and hop gardens. Tennis, swimming. Week from 40*s.*, week-end 10*s.*

ISLE OF WIGHT, Country House, h. & c. running water, indoor sanitation, elec. l., C.H., 23 acres to sea, 5 *for nudism*, safe bathing, showers, tennis. Brochure, N. S. CRITCHARD, Woodside House, Wootton, I.W.

DARTMOUTH, South Devon. Warfleet Creek Hotel. French management. French cooking. Comfortable. Tel. 144.

WEST OF IRELAND. Strand Hotel, Dugort, Achill Isle, Co. Mayo. Beautifully situated on finest bathing strand in Ireland. Magnificent scenery. Ideal centre for exploring Island. Fully licensed; excellent cuisine. Hot and cold water. Good sea. White and Brown trout fishing. Terms moderate. Under new management. TOM SHERIDAN, Proprietor.

ENGLISH LAKES. Those who enjoy unostentatious comfort, good taste and good fare in charming and restful surroundings, should visit The Pillar Hotel (unlicensed) opened in early July at Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, near Ambleside. Write for booklet (N.).

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

BRIGHTON, 18 Chesham Place. Modern furnished service rooms, minute sea. Meals optional.

SOMERSET, Mendip country, Anglo-French family take guests, 17th-cent. farmhouse, modernised, good food, comfort, books. Wyndhams, Shepton Mallet 57.

WEST HIGHLANDS. Small, quiet, comfortable hotel, beautifully situated on the shore of Loch Linnhe. Full particulars from MISS M. VELLACOTT, Onich Hotel, Onich, Fort William, Inverness-shire.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Beautifully situated own grounds overlooking sea and Downs. Golf adjacent. Excellent cooking. Garage. YOUNG, Stonehenge, Chale.

ASHDOWN FOREST. Charming HOME for guests. 14 bedrooms, private bathrooms, good English cooking, home poultry and vegetables, central heating. 7 acres of beautiful garden with tennis, etc. Garage. THE CLOCK HOUSE, NUTLEY, SUSSEX. 'Phone: NUTLEY 96.

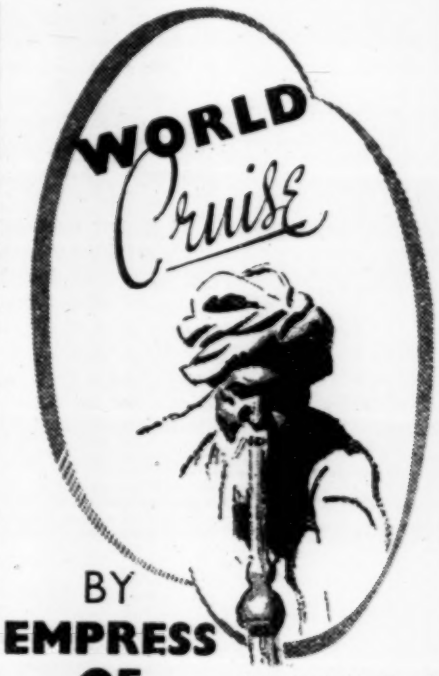
GLORIOUS COTSWOLDS. Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham. Convenient centre for rail or road. Modernised throughout. Excellent cuisine. Terms from 2½ *gns.*

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

SURREY (glorious country near Leith Hill, Friday Street). Peace, Comfort. Excellent Cooking. 9/6 Day. Pinehurst Hotel, Tillingbourne Valley, Wotton, nr. Dorking. 'Phone: ABINGER 39.

1,000 Left Book Club members have enjoyed holidays at "Netherwood," The Ridge, Hastings. 5 acres lovely garden. 40 good rooms. Modern comfort. Tennis. Dancing. Illus. Brochure. 'Phone: Baldslow 19.

KENT. Restful accommodation. Old-world village. Main services, constant hot water, efficient catering. Garage. 'Phone: 252. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden.



BY **EMPRESS OF BRITAIN** for travellers of discernment who appreciate the comforts of a perfect ship.

The attractive itinerary now includes South Africa and South America in addition to Egypt, India, the East Indies, West Indies and New York, etc. First Class Only.

From Monaco, Jan. 21, 1939.
Minimum Rate 438 *Gns.*

For complete information—Your Local Agent, or

Canadian Pacific

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

ACHILL ISLAND. Slievemore Hotel. Largest and oldest established. Close to sea. A.A. and R.I.A.C. appointments. Apply HOPE CLAPHAM.

BEXHILL. Board-residence, £2 2*s.* weekly. Near sea. Children reduced. 41 Jameson Road.

FACING beautiful South Downs; a few guests received; all home comforts; lovely garden; own produce; excellent cooking. Car, garage, tennis, riding. Easy reach golf, swimming pool. Highly recommended, 2½ *gns.* "The CHASE," Albourne, Sussex. Tel.: Hurstpierpoint 165.

PEACEFUL DORSET. Small but charming XIVth Century Guest-house; electric light, bath, telephone, excellent cooking, home-made bread. The Pitch Market, Cerne Abbas.

NEW FOREST. The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants. Lovely country. Tennis, riding, river bathing. Apply MR. LENNARD. Tel. No.: 2168.

BALLYCASTLE, Co. Antrim. Charming old house, run as Guest House. Overlooking sea, tennis courts. Golf links. Free trout fishing. Good bathing. Apply MRS. PRIESTLEY, Raghery House.

EDINBURGH, 4 Rothesay Place. Central. Good beds. Personal supervision. MCGREGOR. 'Phone: 23601.

CHILTERNS, The Wheatsheaf, Oakley, Chinnor, Oxford. Pleasant country Inn providing good food, comfortable rooms and consideration. 'Phone: Kingston Blount 298.

SEPTEMBER ON DEVON COAST. "Mountway" Guest House, Budleigh Salterton. Modern comfort. Ordinary or vegetarian diet. Brochure.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse. Board Residence. Near sea. Indoor sanitation. Bathroom, h. and c., garage. Riding and fishing. Apply MRS. R. COAD, Treleague Farm, St. Keverne.

MALVERN HILLS. Private Hotel. Quiet, comfortable, spa water, moderate terms. Rock House, Holywell Drive, Malvern Wells. 'Phone: 937.

FROM 2 *gns.* a week inclusive.

Residential terms . . . and in a real hotel where for 20 years the Resident Director, Mrs. Harrison, has been a purveyor of genuine comfort. Here is a price to suit those who are not well off. Here is an Hotel, beautifully situated—many bedrooms with a Southern aspect and a lovely view of Torbay. 2 minutes town, 4 minutes sea. Hot and cold water in all rooms. Best English fare. Write Mrs. Harrison, Resident Director, for tariff brochure.

SEASCAPE HOTEL, TORQUAY.

COUNTRY, SEA. Old Manor House, in delightful country near Hythe, Folkestone. Modern comforts. 250 acres. From 2½ *gns.*, 9*s.* 6*d.* p.d. Somerfield Court, Sellindge, Kent. Sellindge: 87.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

DOLLARBEG, Dollar, near Stirling. An ideal Scottish centre for motorists, within easy reach of Scotland's beauty spots. One of a series of W.T.A. guest-houses beautifully situated throughout Britain and open all the year. Particulars from W.T.A. Ltd., 32 Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1. Victoria 6611.

35 MILES only from London in wonderful country. Brackenside guest house. 450ft. up. Electric light. H. and c. in bedrooms. Good cooking. 3 *gns.* inclusive. Abinger 131.

CORNWALL, PENZANCE. Guest-house, close sea and country. From 37*s.* 6*d.* "Westbourne," Alexandra Road.

PERFECT PEACE. 14th-Century Manor House Farm, Upper Quinton, Stratford-on-Avon. Vi-spring beds, constant hot water, log fires, home-made butter, fresh fruit, cream.

SEAFORD. New Vegetarian Guest House. Sea view, h. & c. water in rooms. Own garden produce. MISS E. MITCHELL, Claremont House, Claremont Road.

WENSLEYDALE Guest house for energetic or restful holidays. Good centre walks or motoring. Easy access main routes Glasgow. Postal address: Warnford, Thoralby, Leyburn, Yorks.

FISHPONDS, South Stoke, near Goring-on-Thames. Small exclusive Guest House. Tennis, swimming, punting. 'Phone: GOR. 150.

ISLAND off Irish West Coast. Magnificent scenery. Mild climate. Amethyst Hotel, Achill Island. Facing Atlantic Ocean and surrounded by mountains. Good food. Comfortable beds. Hot and cold water. Turf fires. Terms: £2 10*s.* to 3 *gns.* weekly. Write MISS T. BLACKHAM, Keel, Achill, Ireland.

CRUISES £5–£12. Belgium, British Isles, Denmark, Finland, Germany, Holland, Norway, Poland, Sweden. Write for Cruise List "N": FINNISH TRAVEL BUREAU, 7 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

CONTINENTAL TRIPS *VIA* HOLLAND by train and/or motorcoach. Prices from London from 15*s.* a day inclusive. Local knowledge. Complete satisfaction guaranteed. Enquiries invited. Please write: M. TERWINDT, passenger-agent. Heerengracht 224, Amsterdam, Holland.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7*s.* inclusive.

BRUGES (Belgium). HOTEL COSMOPOLITE. Quiet, central, h. and c., garden, excellent cuisine, personal supervision. Pension 6*s.* 6*d.*

LE ZOUTE (Belgium). HOTEL IRIS. Beautifully situated near sea, all modern comfort, excellent cuisine. Pension 8*s.* 6*d.*

HOLIDAYS in mountains of Teneriffe, 4*s.* 6*d.* daily. Particulars: DOYLE, 199 Adelaide Road, Hampstead. (Primrose 4362).

PARIS Vme. HOTEL D'ALGER. 8 rue des Fosses St. Jacques. Central, heart of Latin Quarter. Good rooms from 15 *frs.* daily. Special monthly terms.

NEAR DIEPPE. GRAND HOTEL, BERNEVAL-S.-MER. Picturesque country, good bathing and sands. Tennis in own garden. Food specially good. Pension 45–55 *frs.* Personal recommendation.

MENTON GARAVAN, Hotel Marina, centre bay. Highly recommended. Pension from 42frs. Facing South, from 45. Excellent cuisine. Comfort moderne.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.
For Sale, To Let and Wanted

PURLEY. FURNISHED MODERN COTTAGE. Living-room, two single bedrooms, kitchen, bathroom, garden. E. light, coal and gas fires. Suit two ladies. £60 per ann. for long let. Box 2544.

SPECIALLY DESIGNED Timber Building on Wiltshire Downs. £450 for immediate sale. Five bedrooms, large dining-room; kitchen, large sitting-room or studio, one small room, bathroom (H. & C.). Garden, garage, outhouses. Electricity. Labour saving. Apply MISS LEGGE, 68, Sutton Veny, Warminster.

BUCKS. Furnished cottage to let, September. Sleep four. Waterside garden, rough fishing. 2½ *gns.* weekly. Box 2623.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD. Garden flatlet. Spacious, airy. Kitchen. 23*s.* 6*d.* weekly. Permanent tenant desired. 15 Abercorn Place, N.W.8. MAI. 5052.

BOOKSHOP FOR SALE—London, growing business must sacrifice, personal reasons. Box 2630.

MISCELLANEOUS

HAVE your favourite suit copied exactly in a "John Peel" Cumberland Tweed, £4 17*s.* 6*d.* Fit guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns and particulars post free. REDMAYNE, LTD., 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

CARPETS, CURTAINS FROM CYPRUS are quite unique and very inexpensive. Send for samples to sole importer, Gerald Holtom, furnishing agent, 259b Tottenham Court Road, W.1. Museum 5119.

DANCE-DRAMA technique. Write for particulars of classes. 24 Camden Square, N.W.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special cheap rates are available for advertisements on this page—on application. Other rates and full particulars regarding Classified Advertisements will be found on page 295.